THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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COL. JOHN FITZGERALD

Of American Revolutionary Fame, the Favorite Aide-de-Camp of George Washington Throughout the Great Struggle for Liberty.

Splendid Fidelity to His Leader Manifested at the Battle of Princeton and During the Conway-Gates Cabal of 1778.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

The reply which the first President of the United States made to the address of congratulation sent him, on the occasion of his election for the first time to the chief magistracy of the land, by the American Catholics who had so nobly aided him to win American independence, is, of itself, a crushing reply to that modern bigotry which would impugn Catholic loyalty. Conclusive, though, as is the address in this matter, it is not the only evidence extant that the immortal Washington was well aware of the fact that American Catholics could be trusted to do their whole duty, no matter what the exigencies of the situation might be; nor is it by any means the sole proof of the great reliance the Father of his Country reposed in his Catholic fellow-citizens.

One of the first as well as one of the most prominent Catholics to locate in the Virginian town of Alexandria was John Fitzgerald, whose name sufficiently indicates his nationality. At the time that the revolution against British tyranny seemed to Americans every day more and more inevitable, Mr. Fitzgerald, who was then in the first glow of his youthful manhood, had the reputation of being one of the rising business men of Alexandria. Popular with all because of his free, outspoken ways and generous character, he was naturally one of the first to espouse the popular cause. His first meeting with the man who was to lead the American armies to victory, occurred in the spring of 1774, when Washington, as his diary attests, entertained him and a few other gentlemen at Mount Vernon. This first visit led to others on Mr. Fitzgerald's part, and an intimacy was thus formed between the hospitable owner of Mount Vernon and the congenial Alexandrian merchant. It was Fitzgerald who made Washington first acquainted with Stephen Moylan, whose brother was the Catholic bishop of the Irish diocese of Cork, and whose famous dragoons played such an important part in the revolutionary struggle. When Washington returned home from the Richmond convention, where Patrick Henry had declared in his eloquent way that England's tyranny left the American people no other alternative save to take up arms against it, one of the first of Virginians to hasten to Mount Vernon and offer his services to the man who, it was even then recognized, would be chosen to lead the Continental forces, was John Fitzgerald, who allowed no thought of business to interfere with the duties which he believed he owed his country. His services were willingly and gladly accepted, and according to Mr. George Washington Custis, Fitzgerald was appointed an officer in the old Blue and Buffs, the first volunteer company raised in the South, in the dawn of the Revolution, and commanded by Washington in person.

In the campaign of 1778 Washington still further honored his Catholic friend of Alexandria by appointing him one of his aides-de-camp and attaching him in a particular manner to his own person. The devotion of Fitzgerald to the American commander was of the most loyal and affectionate character. The battle of Princeton afforded a striking proof of this fact. At that battle, it will be remembered, after the American general, Mercer, had fallen, badly wounded, his troops, exhausted by long marches and privations, gave way before the impetuous charges of the British, under Col. Mawhood, when Washington suddenly appeared on the scene, and in his efforts to rally the retreating patriots and turn the tide of the battle, reined up his charger with its head to the advancing foe, and asked the fugitives if they would abandon him. His words had their effect. The American soldiers turned, but for a while Washington, seated on his horse, was between the opponents and exposed to the fire of both parties. While thus situated, Col. Fitzgerald, who, a short time before, had been sent with a message to the rear by the general, returned to the front, and then, to use his own words: "On my return I perceived the general immediately between our line and that of the enemy, both lines leveling for the decisive fire that was to decide the future of the day. Instantly there was a roar of musketry, followed by a shout. It was the shout of victory. On raising my eyes, I discovered the enemy broken and flying, while, dimly, amid the glimpses of the smoke, was seen Washington alive and unharmed, waving his hat, and cheering his comrades to the pursuit. I dashed the rowels into my charger's flanks, and flew to his side, exclaiming, 'Thank God! Your excellency is safe.' I wept like a child for joy." Washington Irving, in his account of this incident, adds that to his aide-de-camp's words the American commander replied: "Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops! The day is our own!" showing that he fully appreciated the affection of Col. Fitzgerald, and regarded his friend with corresponding esteem.

From Princeton, Washington sent his favorite aide-de-camp to Mount Vernon and Alexandria, that he might tell the people there the news of the victory that had been won, and urge them to send recruits and supplies to the army. Even when away from the field of action on this occasion, Col. Fitzgerald was enabled to render his country a notable service. For he rallied the citizens to the defense of Alexandria, which was menaced by a small British force that had come up the Potomac, and when the commander of the militia went so far as to exhibit signs of surrendering, even proceeding to the extent of hauling down the American flag, the Catholic colonel, according to one account of the affair, administered to him a sound drubbing on the spot, and in the view of his fellow-townsmen.

Another matter that enhanced his Catholic aide-de-camp in the esteem of the American leader, and which, at the same time, evidenced the intensity of his loyalty, was the fact that Col. Fitzgerald was the first to apprize him of the plot that had been formed to have him superseded in the chief command of the army by Gen. Gates. The colonel had learned of this plot while away from Washington's side on orders, and he lost no time in informing his superior of what was going on. There is extant a letter addressed by the colonel to the commander-in-chief from Yorktown, dated Feb. 16, 1778, wherein its writer informs Gen. Washington that he had learned of the letter which Gen. Conway had sent to Gen. Gates, together with its contents, had endeavored to secure it for transmission to him, but had only succeeded in getting an extract therefrom, which he enclosed. The diligence which Col. Fitzgerald displayed in this matter, as well as his solicitude for his superior, endeared him more than ever to that general and enhanced the latter's opinion of his aide-de-camp.

The war over, and American independence won, Col. Fitzgerald returned to Alexandria and resumed the direction of his business affairs, which had naturally suffered during the time he was gallantly fighting for American rights. He was an importer and wholesale merchant, on quite an extensive scale for the time; and he showed himself on all occasions a patriotic and public-spirited citizen. Of his Catholicity there can be no question raised, for he was selected in 1787 by the Rev. John Carroll, who afterward became the first American prelate, as one of the promoters of the institution which has since developed into Georgetown University. He retained to his death his friendly relations with his old commander, who mentions him frequently in his diary; one mention referring to the fact that on St. Patrick's Day, 1788, the year that he was chosen president, Washington dined at Colonel Fitzgerald's. The colonel was largely instrumental in securing the site for Alexandria's first Catholic church, which was built a few years after the last mentioned date, and in which his daughter, Miss Fanny, acted as organist. In fact, the faith of Washington's favorite aide-de-camp was of the stalwart and uncompromising sort; and despite the circumstance that his old commander was at the head of a Masonic lodge established at Alexandria, and that some of his Catholic acquaintances allowed themselves to be inveigled into joining the lodge, Col. Fitzgerald, fully aware that such a society was under the ban of the church, would have nothing watever to do with it.

His loyalty to his faith, far from lowering him in the estimation of Washington, only heightened the latter's opinion of him. The one great mistake of his closing years may be said to have been committed when he embarked in the manufacture of liquors; but as that undertaking proved a failure, it may, perhaps, be wholly pardoned him. His final years were somewhat clouded by money troubles; but President Adams made him collector of the port of Alexandria. He served as aide again to Washington, almost in the last days of the ex-president's life when the Father of his country visited Alexandria to review the volunteers; and closely united as he had been with the first president, during so many years of his life, he was not long separated from him in death, for he followed his old commander to the grave within six months of Washington's demise.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

"Donahoe's" for May

is a special "Jubilee" edition, gotten up in honor of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Williams of Boston, the metropolitan of New England. The article commemorative of this event is written by Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey, reviewing the noted prelate's career, and the progress of Catholicity in New England during the past half century. It is profusely illustrated with pictures of the archbishop at different periods of life, and with over 100 portraits of New England pastors. This issue has also a notable article by Augustin Daly on his methods of producing a Shakesperian play. The illustrations are scenes and characters from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Mary Elizabeth Blake describes the fascinations of a pedestrian tour through the byways of Europe, showing how economically one may enjoy the chief attractions of a continental trip. This article is also beautifully illustrated. The remaining articles, sketches and poems are well in keeping with the customary brightness of this periodical, and the second instalment of Laura Conan's "From Love to Martyrdom" increases the reader's interest in that romantic story. The "departments" and editor's review are replete with items of current interest.

THE DRINK DISEASE.

Mr. Barry, Secretary of the Keeley League, Writes a Communication on the Subject of Dipsomania.

Drunkards Cannot be Cured by Statute but Can Be Saved by Scientific and Humane Treatment.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, May 21.—At the present time there is so much discussion of the proposed measure before the legislature to treat indigent inebriates medically at the expense of the counties, and the full scope of the measure is so little understood that I venture to address a communication to you hoping you will publish the same.

In the first place it may be asked who is behind the measure and who asks for this legislation? I answer the Keeley League of the United States and the Woman's Auxiliary Keeley League. The former is an organization of some thirty thousand cured inebriates who voluntarily organize for the purpose of extending to others blessings which they have received, and inculcating the knowledge that drunkenness is a disease and can be cured. The other organization is composed of the wives, mothers and sisters of cured inebriates rejoicing in the rescue of their own loved ones, and wishing all to be similarly benefited. We have no connection with, or interest in, any Keeley Institute beyond the fact that we desire to see all drunkards cured, and this measure is not being supported by Institutes but by the Leagues aforesaid.

Why do we want the bill passed? Because every thinking person knows that drunkenness is an evil of mammoth proportions, and we as cured men know it better than any. Drunkenness breaks up and ruins families which are the foundation of the common wealth. Millions are spent which should go into the legitimate channels of trade; crime is largely due to drunkenness, as statistics clearly show. 75 per cent of all the sentences passed by the various courts are upon persons who owe their downfall to drunkenness. It populates jails, poorhouses and insane asylums. It is estimated that in this country upwards of 100,000 people die or are killed each year by reason of drunkenness. Who will undertake to depict the heartache, the despair and misery of the drunkard himself and his family?

It is because we desire to see this monstrous evil removed that we ask for legislation on this subject.

Will the Keeley treatment produce the desired results? Yes, most emphatically, and it can be demonstrated. There are in the United States more than 250,000 people who have been cured by the Keeley remedies, with less than 5 per cent of relapses, the latter always due to immoral association and mental deficiencies that the Keeley Cure cannot be expected to reform. At the earnest solicitation of officers in the regular army the Keeley Cure has been introduced there. As a result Gen. Forsythe, commandant at Fort Riley, Kas., reports that punishable offenses at that post have been reduced 66⅔ per cent. It has been introduced into the Soldiers' Homes, and the report of the Board of Managers of these homes to congress has been published (Mis. Doc. 27, Part 1, LIIId Congress, third session). I only mention the results published in one home, viz., that at Leavenworth, Kas. Up to Dec. 31, 1894, 1,227 men received the Keeley treatment: percentage of lapses 10.52. This proportion is much larger than the general percentage throughout the country, but it is important to remember that the average age of members of the home is 60½ years. They are almost entirely without the restraining influence of family ties, and certainly have not home influences. They must prove physical disability as a condition precedent to admission to the home. They have no future on this earth to look forward to, and have no thrift or care for the future, as the government promises to support them. Nearly all are the victims of wounds, injuries and chronic diseases, contracted in the service. Besides all this their moral condition by reason of from twenty to forty years of dissipation, is extremely low. And yet, in spite of all these discouraging conditions, about ninety out of every hundred remain permanently cured.

There is yet more to be said. There was during the year an average attendance of 2,200 men, which, considering all things, may be considered equivalent in conditions to a city of 15,000 people, and yet, during the year 1894, not a single crime was committed serious enough to call for the intervention of the courts. The surgeon in charge of the hospital reports that during the year there was not a single case of delirium tremens, while before the Keeley treatment was introduced the hospital was never without a number of these cases. The same gentleman, Surgeon Jones, says that in three years' observation the Keeley treatment has injured no man, and on the contrary, has improved the physical condition of the members as well as the morals of the camp. Much more could be said, but I will confine myself to one point more. Since taking the treatment 742 men have voluntarily left the home and became self-supporting. The physical condition of the broken down veterans so improved that 742 of them go back to their trades and occupations. The per capita cost of maintenance in this home is $126.22 per annum, and this we see that in this one home there was saved to the government over $93,000 in one year. These are official figures, and hence are entitled to weight. What has been accomplished in this home can be done in any city or town in time.

As opposed to this we see the utter and complete failure of the present laws in abating this evil. We see the drunkard sentenced as a criminal when in reality he is diseased, and converted by his prison associations into an actual criminal. We see the same man sentenced time after time only to emerge as bad, or worse, than ever—himself a menace to society, its peace and good order, and his family public charges. Similar laws to the one proposed in this State have been enacted in Colorado, Louisiana, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Maryland. In the latter State the Court of Appeals has just decided in favor of the constitutionality of the act. Twelve State legislatures are now considering similar enactments, among them Massachusetts, where the Boston common council demands it for its public institutions. The day is passed when it can be considered humane to treat drunkards as criminals. They are diseased and curable, and reason, morality, humanity and economy demand that this deadly disease, so disastrous in its results, be scientifically treated like other diseases not nearly so fatal to life, morality and prosperity of the public as this.

THOMAS E. BARRY,
National Sec.-Treas. Keeley League.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association was held last Tuesday evening at 79 South Clark street, at which some business of importance was transacted. P. Gannon, of the Grattans, was elected treasurer, and J. F. Furlong, E. Cahill, and J. Webb as trustees. Referees' reports of last Sunday's games were, on motion of J. Furlong, held over till next meeting, to hear some objections. A motion was made by E. Cahill and seconded by J. Callahan, that former members of the G. A. A. who joined the Irish-American Athletic Association, and played in the game between the Columbias and Calumets on April 28, should be excluded from the Gaelic Athletic Association. After some discussion the motion prevailed, and the secretary was instructed to notify the clubs accordingly. Nine clubs were represented at the meeting. Next Sunday the Davitts and Grattans will contest at football, and the Emmetts and Sheridans at hurling.

The Success which Hood's Sarsaparilla has had in freeing old and young from afflictions caused by impure blood, is really remarkable. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a building-up medicine.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

White Star Line.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per the White Star Line steamship Majestic, sailing from New York May 22: Mrs. Rosina C. Hooley, Miss Mary Hooley, Mrs. Grace E. Hurlburt, Master Robert Hurlburt, John W. Marder, Albert Dean Currier, Miss Maggie Fitzpatrick, Miss Florence Slaney, Mrs. H. Horsfield, Miss Horsfield, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Fred C. Denkman, Rock Island, Ill.; Capt. Crampton, Edward Schofield, William Taylor, G. C. Hofgaard, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Morgan, Miss Morgan, Master Morgan, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. John Parker, Miss Parker, Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McCarthy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Cunard Removal Notice.

The offices of the Cunard Steamship Company have been removed to the new and enlarged quarters, northwest corner of Clark and Randolph streets. A circular addressed to agents, and signed by F. G. Whiting, general western agent, says: "The greatly increased passenger and freight service demanding more space, we have, fortunately, secured the Sherman House corner which has been a landmark in Chicago for over fifty years, and with which corner the Cunard Line has been identified for nearly a quarter of a century. We shall be pleased to meet and welcome our agents in the new office when they are in the city."

What the Papers Say.

The Michigan Central provides the best possible service that could be expected between the East and West.—*Christian Leader*, Boston.

"Comfort in Travel," has nowhere reached a higher degree of perfection than on this far and justly famed road.—*Christian Herald*, Detroit.

The Michigan Central is one of the best managed and most satisfactory railroads in the world to travel by.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

"Comfort in Travel" is a phrase that among experienced travelers has come to be almost synonymous with "Michigan Central."—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Safe, luxurious and fast running over a peerless track, amid the grandest scenery, the Michigan Central trains make comfort in travel a delightful reality.—*Buffalo Enquirer.*

"Comfort in Travel," that want of all tourist and commercial birds of passage, is invariably filled on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route."—*Evening Wisconsin.*

As for the promise of "Comfort in Travel" by this road, as well as the speed and safety realized, the many thousands who pass over it will surely testify that it is kept to the letter.—*The Standard*, Chicago.

City Passenger and Ticket Office, 119 Adams Street, Chicago.

NEW IRISH BOOKS.

Some Recent Works of Irish Authors —Folk-lore One of the Most Interesting Paths for Irish Litterateurs to Wander Through.

Two Important Volumes by Jeremiah Curtin—The Irish Novelists' Library.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The progress of the Irish literary revival has been well marked by the number of works recently published by Irish authors. Never in the history of English or Irish literature have so many young authors of one nationality or purpose been introduced to the public by publishers of prominence and high standing. Several, like Nora Hopper with her "Ballads in Prose," and like Jane Barlow with her "Irish Idylls," have become famous by a single effort. Others have gone steadily on, winning a degree of success at every step, certain to culminate in a laurel wreath at, or before, the maturity of their powers.

Folk-lore has been one of the most interesting paths for the Irish litterateurs to wander through and find a stimulus for the imagination. While this is affording them an amusement, they are gathering information for the use of the scientists who eagerly grasp at every means to penetrate the shrouded portion of the world's history. Most people regard the fairy and ghost tales of a nation as mere pastime for children, but they are one of the great keys that unlock the door of knowledge and bring far-distant races together, though separation of centuries has left no other trace of kinship.

We have three great sources of knowledge respecting the veiled history of mankind: the language, the ancient monuments and the mythology of the different races. In the language we find the height of civilization and culture to which that people have risen; it betrays their mental and social development and tells the learned searcher of the relation between man and man and to the material and visible world. The early monuments are solemn and eternal symbols of religious faith—cirqlis of faith in cromlech, pillar, shrine and tower, temples and tombs. In the mythology and folk-lore we find their relations to a spiritual and invisible world, and lastly, the highest development of the race is marked by the written language.

It is one of the greatest regrets of the Irish antiquarian that the ancient ollamhs and teachers of the country held their knowledge so sacred that it was not permitted to be written. This learned class kept apart from the rest of the people and their many arts, sciences and rituals were transmitted orally. The Irish race, therefore, was never indebted for very much to the written word. In later times the disturbed condition of the country did not help circumstances very much, and the Irish peasant today may be said to be just turning over the first page in the great story of the world's progress. He is not to blame, however, for this state of things; the odium should fall on the oppressor.

Among the educated classes in all nations the belief in the supernatural, acting directly on life and constantly interfering with the natural course of human action, is soon dissipated and gradually disappears, for the knowledge of human laws solves many mysteries that were once inexplicable, yet much remains unsolved, even to the philosopher, of the mystic relations between the material and the mystic world. To the uneducated masses, who know nothing of the fixed eternal laws of nature, every phenomenon seems to result from the interference of some non-human power, invisible though ever present, able to confer all benefits, yet implacable when offended and therefore to be propitiated.

The collectors of these beliefs, folk-legends and superstitions, have done much good work in Ireland during the past few years. To Dr. Douglas Hyde, Jeremiah Curtin, William Larminie and several other enthusiastic collectors we are indebted for the publication of the legends without the fantastic dressing of a Crofton Croker or a Lover. We have been given the tales in their simplicity, and it is only in this form they are useful to the ethnologist. Croker, while he amused the masses by his humorous rendition of the tales, did more to throw the scientists off the track than if he deliberately set out to accomplish that purpose.

Two splendid volumes of Irish folk-lore have been published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, within the past month. They are both by Jeremiah Curtin, the well known folk-lorist and translator. The first, "The Hero Tales of Ireland," is a collection of the ancient Fenian legends and embraces some of the very earliest known myths of the Irish people. The history of the collection of these tales is interesting. In 1889 Mr. Curtin published a volume entitled "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland," (Little, Brown & Co.) after a journey through Ireland. In a conversation with M. Charles A. Dana, the editor of the New York *Sun*, Mr. Curtin told the veteran journalist that such relics as Cuchullin and Gilla na Grakin of that book were on the verge of extinction. Mr. Dana, seeing the originality of Gaelic tales and their heroes, at once became interested in the work with Mr. Curtin, and the latter undertook a second trip to Ireland, the result being that another splendid collection of folk-legends was made. Fifty of the tales were published in the New York *Sun*, in the Sunday edition, and attracted considerable attention at the time. Now Mr. Curtin has made a collection of them and published them in a single volume.

"Tales of the Irish Fairies" is the title of Mr. Curtin's second volume. It is filled with the stories of those invisible little folk, who people every hill and rath of Ireland, whose pranks, favors and amusements are so respected by the peasantry, and we get the awesome tales of the ghosts and evil spirits which our grandparents were wont to relate around the turf-fire of a winter's night, to the horror of the younger generation, which refused to go to bed without a light to keep away the terrible spectres. In spite of the fact that the field has been well worked, Mr. Curtin has culled from the peasantry of Munster an amount of interesting matter that has never been published before, whilst even in the case of well known stories, his variants possess distinct value. For the student, apart from the witness these tales bear to the vivid reality of the fairy and ghost belief among peasantry in Southern Ireland at the present day, two points are of special interest. The process of adaptation by which tales, old-world and far-traveled, are fitted into a modern local framework, is clearly exhibited—that process, thanks to which, these tales have struck root in every clime and every age, and still form the chiefest portion of the intellectual and artistic store of mankind at large. For the elucidation of the many fascinating problems of Gaelic folk-lore, to the insight of the scholar must be joined the sympathy of the artist. The brief—too brief—comments which Mr. Curtin has added to the material he has collected show that he possesses both qualifications, and make us long for a connected and sympathetic interpretation of Gaelic mythic belief and legend at his hands. Both of the books are beautifully gotten up and reflect much credit on the publishers. In printing, paper, binding and general make-up they are almost equal to editions de luxe. The price of the "Hero Tales of Ireland" is $2 and of the "Tales of the Irish Fairies" $1.25.

Edmund Downey & Co., of London, announce the publication of a series of reprints of works of fiction by popular Irish writers, under the title of "The Irish Novelists' Library." The purpose of the series is to bring within the reach of the Irish people the knowledge of a succession of writers of which Ireland is most justly proud, but who have fallen in too many instances into the vague condition of tradition chiefly because their works have not been revived in such acceptable form as those of their English and Scotch contemporaries.

Each novel will be preceded by a brief literary memoir of the novelist, and in all instances the most typical example of the writer's art will be given, without the conditioned exclusion of other works by the same writer in the future, if the early volumes be received with the favor which no effort shall be spared to win for them on their deserts. The scope of this design is wide; it includes every Irish writer of fiction who attained celebrity in his or her day, and who ought to be actual and familiar to the Irish people of today.

The claims of "The Irish Novelists' Library" to welcome and support are, is is hoped, self-evident, and may be briefly recapitulated. Our Irish novelists are conspicuous for the great qualities of imagination, humor, graphic power, intense feeling and unsullied purity. These qualities are the source and the sanction of the pride with which their countrymen regard them, and they also furnish pleas for the extension of familiarity with their works to the vastly increased numbers of readers in the present day. No censorship will ever be demanded for Irish novels in the interests of either morality or taste.

The low price of the series, two shillings and sixpence, will place the books within the reach of all. "O'Donnell," by Lady Morgan, will be the first of the series. It is announced to appear in May and will then be followed by works by Miss Edgeworth, Thomas Moore, Carleton, Lover, Maturin, Maxwell, the Banims, Mrs. Hall, Gerald Griffin, Charles Lever and others.

A similar series has already been placed on the market by MacMillan & Co., of New York. The first volume, "Marcella," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, appeared last month and now the second, "Sant' Ilario," by Marion Crawford, has been published. This latter volume is a pendent to "Saracinesca," and is quite as interesting as the first; the loves of Giovanni and Corona can still be followed with the same fascination and in none of his books has Mr. Crawford displayed his abilities more than in "Sant' Ilario." The price of MacMillan's Novelists' Library is fifty cents per volume, or five dollars and a half per year. It will appear monthly and in the series will be works by Kipling, Emily Lawless, S. R. Crockett, W. Clark Russell, Marion Crawford and others of equal fame.

War as a Moral Agency.

In a striking and suggestive study called "Should War Be Abolished?" published in the May *Arena*, Mr. E. P. Powell, the well-known scientific publicist, raises the question whether peace under certain conditions of internal corruption and political abuse is not more to be feared than war. He seems to think that human nature is not yet sufficiently evolved on a plane of moral and spiritual rationalism to justify the abolition of war. His argument is able and masterly, as is everything which comes from his pen, and it should set thousands of Christians thinking seriously as to whether injustice and wrong are compatible with peace.

INCOME TAX DEAD.

SUPREME COURT DECLARES THE ENTIRE ACT INVALID.

Five of the Astute Doctors of the Supreme Court Having So Agreed—Four Who Take an Opposite View, Two of Which Are Vigorous in Their Phraseology.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—The income tax, which has received so large a share of the public attention since the beginning of the first regular session of the Fifty-third congress, is a thing of the past. After being twice heard in the United States supreme court it was finally decided yesterday by that court to be invalid and unconstitutional. There were four dissenting opinions delivered in these cases—one each by Justices Harlan, Brown, Jackson and White—showing that the court had stood four to five against the law. Inasmuch as one of these dissenting opinions was handed down by Justice Jackson, and as he was absent at the first hearing when the court divided even on the question of sustaining the law on all points except those as to the tax on incomes from rents and bonds, it follows that one of the members of the court who at first pronounced for the law—except on those two points—changed his attitude after the second argument.

Shiras the Justice Who Changed.

There is very little question that Justice Shiras is the justice who changed his views on these points. He made no announcement either yesterday or when the first opinion was delivered, as to his position. While the opinion of the chief justice was largely a review of the general aspects of the questions involved, he based the opinion of the court upon the argument that the provisions of the law regarding the tax on rents and bonds were so essential a factor of it as to render all other parts of it dependent on them, and in accordance with the well known rule of law bearing on this question the law as a whole must be declared invalid. The opinions of Justices Harlan and White were concluded in language so vigorous and were so emphatic in their arraignment of the majority as to cause very general comment.

White and Harlan Are Outspoken.

Both justices indicated their belief that the ruling opinion was revolutionary and intimated that serious consequences might ensue. Harlan suggested the necessity for amending the constitution in view of the opinion. The court room was packed during the entire three hours when the opinions were being delivered. The unexpected event of the day was the appearance of Justice Jackson. He had announced after casting his vote last Saturday week that he would return on the following Monday to Tennessee, but it appears that instead he went to Philadelphia to consult a specialist on internal diseases. He left the bench immediately after delivering his opinion and it is understood will now proceed south. He delivered his opinion from notes.

Proper Titles of the Cases.

It should probably be stated that while the cases in which these opinions were delivered are naiformly characterized as the income tax cases, they are known on the court dockets as the cases of Charles Pollock vs. the Farmers' Loan and Trust company and Louis H. Hyde vs. the Continental Trust company of New York, both appealed from the circuit court of the United States for the southern district of New York.

WIPES OUT THE WHOLE LAW.

Nothing Left of the Income Tax, Which Must Be Refunded.

The decision wipes out the whole law. What money has been collected under it must be refunded. The status of the court was as follows: Against the law—Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field, Gray, Brewer, and Shiras; for the law—Justices Harlan, White, Brown, and Jackson. The conclusions of the majority were these:

"1. We adhere to the opinion already announced that taxes on real estate being indisputably direct taxes, taxes on the rents or income of real estate are equally direct taxes.

"2. We are of the opinion that taxes on personal property or on the income of personal property are likewise direct taxes.

"3. The tax imposed by sections 27 to 37 inclusive of the act of 1894, so far as it falls on the income of real estate and on personal property, being a direct tax within the meaning of the constitution and therefore unconstitutional and void, because not apportioned according to representation, all those sections constituting one entire scheme of taxation are necessarily invalid. The decrees hereinbefore entered in this court will be vacated. The decrees below will be reversed and the cases remanded with instructions to grant the relief prayed." The sections referred to are the ones that enact the income tax law; consequently, as said above, the law is wiped out.

The news of the opinion reached the treasury department very quickly. It caused no surprise, and cannot truthfully be said to have caused serious disappointment, for the law, as it was left by the former finding, was practically inoperative in many particulars and would have involved the revenue bureau of the treasury department in endless confusion and litigation. The government officials have been pretty fully advised of the tenor of the opinion and were prepared for it. As a revenue measure it was spoiled a month ago. This decision merely clarifies the air and relieves the government of complication, embarrassment and annoyances that would have surely followed the attempted collection of a disputed and cloudy law.

The income tax knockout leaves the administration free to figure on revenues with the full knowledge that no help can come from that quarter. It makes the fact plain that the treasury deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30 will be between $58,000,000 and $60,000,000. It also effectually disposes of all hopes of replenishment from income taxation for next year and confronts the administration with the absolute and unshirkable necessity of revising the revenues laws so as to provide for not less than $75,000,000 increase in annual income.

The opinion of the majority of the court was an argument direct to the point of the whole matter—that the income tax was a direct tax and that a direct tax could not be levied without apportioning it between the states according to population, something that was not done in the law of 1894. The pith of the argument may be given in one paragraph—"The constitution ordered affirmatively that direct taxes should be apportioned among the several states according to numbers, and negatively that no direct tax should be laid otherwise. The founders anticipated that the expenses of the federal government would chiefly be met by indirect taxation. They knew that the power to tax involved the power to destroy." The opinion continued: "It is said that a tax on the whole income of property is not a direct tax, but a duty. We do not think so. Direct taxation was not restricted in one breath and the restriction blown to the winds in another."

The majority offers a dose of soothing syrup, as it were, to the disappointed statesmen who advocated the tax, in these words: "If it be true that the constitution should have been so framed that a tax of this kind could be laid, the instrument defines the way for its amendment. In no part of it was greater sagacity displayed. Except that no state, without its consent, can be deprived of its equal suffrage in the senate, the constitution may be amended upon the concurrence of two-thirds of both houses, and the ratification of the legislatures or conventions of the several states, or through a federal convention when applied for by the legislatures of two-thirds of the states, and upon like ratification."

JUSTICE HARLAN APPREHENSIVE.

Thinks the Decision Strikes at the Authority of the Government.

Justice Harlan, in his dissenting opinion, after declaring generally against the conclusions of the court, and promising to file an opinion in extenso later, said that in his judgment, to say nothing of former holdings of the court, the decision might well excite very grave apprehension in that it strikes at the authority of the government to protect itself in times of great emergency. It is a tendency to return to the old system of the time of the federation before the constitution was adopted. Such a change menaced the authority of the government, relieving as it does all the wealth of the country from the operations of an income tax. Such a decision could not have any other effect than that of arousing such indignation among the people that it would never be repeated.

It was a wicked assault upon the rights of the people. He predicted that the decision would provoke a contest such as the country should have been spared. In conclusion Justice Harlan said, speaking of the decision of the court: "Such a result is one to be deeply deplored. It cannot be regarded otherwise than a disaster to the country. The practical, if not the direct effect of the decision today is to give to certain kinds of property a position of favoritism and advantage that is inconsistent with the fundamental principles of our social organization, and to invest them with power and influence that may be perilous to that portion of the American people upon whom rests the larger part of the burdens of the government and who ought not be subjected to the domination of aggregated wealth any more than the property of the country should be at the mercy of the lawless."

Justice Jackson's view was given in an elaborate opinion and was in favor of the law, and declared the rule was that no act of congress could be declared unconstitutional unless it was so beyond a reasonable doubt, which was not so in this case. "The decision," he concluded, "is a disaster, and must be regarded as a public calamity." When Justice Jackson finished Justice Brown delivered a dissenting opinion. He held to the doctrine of stare decisis. Even a century of error, he said, may be pregnant with less evil to the state than a newly discovered truth. Justice White followed Justice Brown, renunciating the opinions expressed by him when the case was first decided.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller has telegraphed all collectors of internal revenue to forward at once to his office all income tax returns and everything else pertaining to the tax.

FREIBURG GIVES UP HIS BONDS.

Turns Over His Whisky Trust Holdings for What He Gave for Them.

CHICAGO, May 20.—As a sequel to the bill filed by Receiver McNulta charging that Greenhut, Morris, Freiburg and others had sold to themselves whisky trust bonds at 50 cents on the dollar W. J. Freiburg, of Cincinnati, has offered to sell to the receivers all his holdings of that sale for the price paid, and Judge Showalter has agreed that the receiver may accept the offer, the reorganization committee supplying the money. The bonds have been transferred.

Attorney Edwin Walker, for Greenhut and Morris, later filed a bill for their clients to foreclose on the trust's property on the petition of the Central Trust company of New York, which is the trustee under the $1,000,000 bond issue. The effect of the bill is to partially turn the tables on the receiver and the reorganization company, and change the positions of Greenhut and Morris from that of the defensive to that of aggressive. When the hearing on the application for the foreclosure takes place before the court the questions and charges raised in the receiver's bill will be reviewed.

Nicaragua Pays the "Smart" Money.

LONDON, May 17.—In compliance with the agreement under which the British men-of-war were withdrawn from Nicaragua on condition that the "smart" money, amounting to $75,500, demanded by Great Britain be paid in London within fifteen days, that amount of money was yesterday covered into the treasury of Great Britain on behalf of Nicaragua by Senor Chrisanto Medina, minister to London for Salvador.

Kentucky Democrats Go with Bischbergs.

OWENSBORO, May 17.—The Democratic convention to nominate for railroad commissioner for the First district adopted radical free silver resolutions.

Daughter Born to Hoke Smith.

ATLANTA, May 20.—At Atlanta, Ga., where Mrs. Hoke Smith has been spending the summer, a daughter was born to the secretary of the interior.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Judge GEORGE A. BOAL, well known attorney, at Denver.

ARTHUR M. WELLINGTON, editor of The Engineering News, at New York.

PETER H. BURNETT, first constitutional governor of California, at San Francisco.

CHARLES S. DAYTON, prominent in business and political circles of Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dr. MORRIS HENRY, well known surgeon, at New York.

DAVID WHITTAKER, pioneer citizen of Rockford, Ills.

CHARLES S. HINMAN, secretary of the Northwestern Traveling Men's association, at Chicago.

ROBERT TYLER JONES, only male child ever born in the White House, at Washington.

INDORSED BY COL. LAWLER.

Grand Army Commander-in-Chief on the Confederate Monument.

CHICAGO, May 20.—Colonel Thomas G. Lawler, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, has given to General J. C. Underwood what is a practical indorsement of the dedication of the Confederate monument in Oakwoods cemetery. The following was penned on the back of a photograph of himself personally given by Colonel Lawler to General Underwood:

"I admire your zeal in the noble work of marking the last resting place of brave men. We were all Americans.

"Yours respectfully,

"THOMAS G. LAWLER,

"Commander-in-chief Grand Army of the Republic, 1894-5."

SIDNEY, O., May 20.—Commander E. E. Nutt, department of Ohio, G. A. R., has issued a circular concerning the dedication on Memorial Day of a Confederate monument in Chicago. It says in part: "In memory of comrades who fell in the nation's cause we protest that to give equal honor on the same day to those who fought desperately to destroy the nation, placing them on a parity with those who fought to prevent them from their deadly purpose of destruction—I say diversion of the day from its purpose, is an insult to the Grand Army and to loyalty and an attempt to turn the day we hold sacred into a farce and a mockery."

PLUNGED OFF A BRIDGE.

Trolley Car Accident in Which Two Persons Are Fatally Hurt.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., May 20.—Trolley car No. 16, of the Citizens' Schuylkill Valley Railway company, plunged off an overhead bridge crossing the Trenton Cut-off branch of the Pennsylvania Railway company in Plymouth township, fatally injuring two persons and seriously injuring four others. The fatally injured are: Motorman Charles Naylor and Conductor Frank Smith, of Norristown. The seriously injured are: Mrs. Frank Birmingham, Norristown, cut about the face and body; Mrs. Harry Haas, Norristown, cut about the face and shoulders; Mrs. Johnson, of Gulf Mills, injured internally; Francis Baxter, of Norristown, ternally injured.

Just how the accident occurred is not definitely known, but President Shepp claims that the supports were taken from under the bridge by the railway company, thus weakening the structure.

BROOKLYN, May 20.—A serious collision between trolley cars occurred here. Among those most seriously injured are: Adolph Fluger, Joseph Williamson, William Messerschmidt, Robert H. Furman and James Behermann. They were all either bruised about the body or injured internally. Of the hundred or more passengers on the two cars the great majority received bruises of a more or less painful nature.

Disastrous Conflagration.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., May 20.—A disastrous fire swept St. Albans yesterday afternoon, destroying dwellings, business blocks, public buildings and a large amount of other property. The fire broke out in the lumber yard of W. B. Fonda, and in a short time several large piles of lumber and business offices had been ignited. There was a heavy wind blowing at the time and the fire spread rapidly and before it was stayed 140 homes and store buildings had been destroyed. Among these was the government building on Kingman street. Most of the papers, furniture, etc., were saved.

Coney Island Swept by Fire.

NEW YORK, May 17.—The west end of Coney Island has been visited by its annual conflagration. The spread of the flames was accelerated by a strong south wind. Conred Steubendorf's three-story hotel (where most of the pugilists established their training quarters), a new two-story hotel and the miniature Ferris wheel were destroyed. Altogether about 100 buildings were either destroyed or greatly damaged and about 1,000 people are thrown out of employment. The estimated damage is $260,000.

Fire at Halifax.

HALIFAX, May 20.—Halifax has been visited by a $200,000 fire, and there was not a cent's worth of insurance on the property destroyed. The flames started on the Intercolonial railway's long wharf in the cattle shed. Both the wharf and the shed, in which were sixty cattle, were soon consumed, as well as the freight and immigration sheds. The fire then swept the immense coaling pier, trestle work and wharf of the Dominion government, on which were a number of loaded coal cars.

Death of Admiral Almy.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—Rear Admiral John Almy, U. S. N. retired, whose death, which had been expected for several days has occurred, was 81 years old, and sixty-three of those years he had served his country faithfully and well, rising from midshipmen through all the grades of service to rear admiral and earning all his honors. His actual service at sea was twenty-seven years and ten months, the longest time on record in the American navy.

Costly Blaze at Steven's Point.

STEVEN'S POINT, Wis., May 20.—Fire broke out in the basement of the Wisconsin River Paper and Pulp company's mill located at Whiting, a few miles from here, and nearly destroyed the same. The pulp mill alone was saved. The mills were owned by George Whiting, of Menasha, and William Whiting, of this place. The loss will reach $150,000, with insurance of about one-half. About 120 people were employed by the mill.

Carlisle Speaks for "Sound Money."

COVINGTON, Ky., May 21.—The secretary of the United States treasury, the Hon. John G. Carlisle, opened the discussion of the question of sound money here last night. The rush to hear the speaker was tremendous. An attempt was made to reserve seats for ladies, but it was given up when the pressure to secure admittance was felt. The secretary's address was long and exhaustive and elicited much applause.

La Gascogne Missing Again.

NEW YORK, May 21.—The French steamship La Gascogne, Captain Bandelon, which sailed from Havre at noon on Saturday, May 11, and was due to arrive here on Sunday morning last, had not been sighted up to 8 o'clock this morning.

Goes to Comfort Her Ex-Mother-in-Law.

NEW YORK, May 21.—The Advertiser says: Mrs. Frank Leslie is to sail for England on Saturday to visit her ex-mother-in-law, Lady Wilde, and do what she can to comfort that lady in her trouble.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF HAPPENINGS OF NOTE.

Work of the State Lawmakers at Springfield—Bills and Resolutions Introduced, Etc.—Other State Items of General Interest to Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, May 16.—The senate postponed consideration of the governor's vetoes to today. The report on the feeding of distillery slop to cattle was made special order for next Wednesday. Among the bills passed was one to establish labor bureaus in cities. The vote defeating Littler's trust bill was reconsidered and further consideration postponed. Some bills were advanced. The house postponed for a week consideration of the matter of sine die adjournment. Country members said they proposed to stay until they got what they wanted if the session lasted to the middle of August. Action on the drainage bill was also postponed. The bill providing for a northern state normal school was passed and a number of bills advanced to third reading.

SPRINGFIELD, May 17.—The house has adopted a resolution for final adjournment June 14. In the senate action on the governor's vetoes was postponed to next Wednesday, and the house amendments to the two normal school bills were concurred in. Two bills regarding husband and wife and estates of deceased persons, a bill to prevent the spread of contagious diseases among animals, and a bill to prevent extortionate charges in chattel mortgages were passed. The Aspinwall pool selling bill was postponed for two weeks. The house passed the senate bill to appropriate $65,000 for monuments on Chicamauga, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge battlefields.

SPRINGFIELD, May 18.—Little business was transacted by the house and the senate adjourned without doing anything. In the house the teachers' pension bill was advanced to third reading. The bill providing that convict made goods shall be stamped as such was advanced to third reading. Adjourned.

SPRINGFIELD, May 21.—When the house met last evening no quorum was present. White presented a petition favoring the passage of the Merriam "anti-Catholic" bill. While a half dozen members were shouting for recognition Weston moved to adjourn. The speaker put the motion and declared it carried amid great uproar.

POWELL ELECTED COMMANDER.

He Defeats McNulta in the Illinois G. A. R. Encampment.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., May 16.—Nearly all the Sons of Veterans and many members of the Grand Army have left Bloomington. Rain fell all day and the weather was chilly and disagreeable. Owing to the desire of the delegates to get away the election of officers was brought up and General W. H. Powell, of Belleville, elected commander. The vote was: Powell, 453; McNulta, 319, and it was made unanimous. C. T. Coleman, of Canton, was elected senior vice commander, and R. D. Hubbard, of Neoga, junior vice commander.

The matter of selecting the location of the encampment next year comes up today. It will probably be left to the commander and a committee, and located wherever the best railway rates can be secured. Cairo still seems to be in the lead for the honor. It is conceded that Commander Powell will retain Fred W. Spink, of Chicago, as adjutant. This fact figured in the election. Schroeder's Opera House was crowded last night on the occasion of the camp fire by the Prisoners of War association. There was a reception at the Windsor hotel in honor of the president and staff of the Woman's Relief Corps.

Fish Dying of a Strange Disease.

ELGIN, Ills., May 20.—Thousands of fish, mostly suckers, have died in Fox river within two or three days of a strange disease. State Fish Commissioner S. P. Bartlett was here investigating and secured samples of fish to send to Washington. He says the disease is some sort of fungus never before seen by him in fish in running water. Experts in pisciculture are expected here in a few days. The city gets its water supply from the river and some apprehension is felt.

Illinois Counties for Free Silver.

CHICAGO, May 20.—The following Illinois counties have reported Democratic conventions to appoint delegates to the state conference on the money issue: Kendall, Bond, Whiteside, Jefferson, Sangamon, Gallatin, Perry and Grundy. All these voted for free silver. Piatt declared for the gold standard.

Not Even Pie for a Thief.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 18.—Governor Altgeld has pardoned Frank Fogelsong, of Stark county, out of the county jail. He was sentenced for seven years in December, 1894, for larceny. The governor speaks of the shocking condition of the jail, and declares it unfit for human habitation.

Suicide of a Massachusetts Man.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., May 18.—J. F. Brown, of Methuen, Mass., ended his life with a revolver in this city, where he was visiting.

Notes of the State.

The Red Men of Illinois began a three day's session of the grand council in Charleston, Ills. Delegates are present from over thirty lodges.

Mrs. Kate Kapp, 20, of Perkins' Grove, Ills., committed suicide by shooting. Despondency through ill health was the cause.

At a prize fight just outside the Pana, Ills., city limits between John White, a coal miner, and Joe Hill, a farmer, Chief of Police Gowick attempted to stop the fight and was knocked down and beaten and his star and club and coat taken from him. The chief pluckily drew his revolver and arrested the seconds. The principals escaped, but were later arrested.

Call for Silver Men to Organize.

SALT LAKE CITY, May 21.—The committee on instructions for organization appointed by the Bimetallic Union, which was formed here last week, of which Edward B. Light is secretary, has issued an address to the people urging them to organize in districts, towns, cities and states at once with the object of educating the voters in free silver information. The secretaries of clubs organized are asked to address Light, at Denver, Colo., and he will forward a form of constitution and by-laws.

CONTROL OF THE CHURCH COLLEGES

Debate on That Question the Feature of the Presbyterian Assembly.

PITTSBURG, May 20.—Assembly control of the seminaries has possession of the Presbyterian general assembly, even if the assembly has not the possession of the seminaries, which it desires. At the close of the Saturday session adjournment was taken till today, when the debate on the proposed plan of gathering the seminaries into a close and guarded fold was resumed. The net result thus far attained has been to divide the assembly into two clearly marked parties, and it is judged that the line of cleavage is near the numerical center of the body. It seems probable that the vote of 4 to 1 that was recorded last year will be wiped out in large part and the disproportion greatly reduced.

There is a plan on foot to secure the adoption of an alternative report, replacing that of the committee. It is proposed to recommend that in view of the answers made by the directories of the existing seminaries setting forth their unwillingness to make any charter changes, these seminaries be let alone, and that the restrictions that have been devised by the committee shall be applied only to institutions that may hereafter be chartered. This plan will have strong backing, and will meet with good support. Those who have had experience of previous assemblies, however, entertain some doubts of its adoption, but it is certain that the support which it will get will astonish the conservatives forces.

Union seminary in New York is the bete noire of the conservative elements in this assembly. This was shown when it was referred to as the cause and occasion of all this disturbance. Dr. Briggs has scarcely been mentioned, and the odium which attached to him has been transferred to the seminary directors in New York. One of the speakers declared that when they repudiated their agreement with the assembly they took out valuable endowments which belonged properly to the church as such.

PITTSBURG, May 21.—Yesterday afternoon, by a vote of 432 to 96, the Presbyterian general assembly decided to continue the movement which is intended to give the assembly absolute control over its theological seminaries. An attempt to get a yea and nay vote failed for lack of a vote of one-third of the commissioners in its favor, only 105 responding to the demand. The result of the vote was a surprise to to even the best observers.

Gives Admiral Meade a Rebuke.

WASHINGTON, May 21.—The only notice the administration will take of the breach of discipline indulged in by Admiral Meade in his recent interview, is presumably contained in a severe rebuke for insubordination in the order retiring the admiral at his own request. The president says that he regrets that a service so distinguished as that of the admiral's should be tarnished at its close by "conduct at variance with a commendable career, and inconsistent with the example which an officer of his high rank should furnish of submission to the restraints of wholesome discipline and manifest propriety."

Cuban Reports from Cuba.

TAMPA, Fla., May 20.—Passengers arriving from Cuba say that the report has gained credence in Havana that General Salcedo is dead, having been seriously wounded a few days ago. Colonel Tejarino is also reported to have been mortally wounded at Ramon de las Jaguas. Lieutenant Colonel Arison is also badly wounded, and in Havana it is reported his wound was received in attempting to intercept General Gomes' march to Camagney.

Telegraphers in Convention.

ST. LOUIS, May 20.—The annual convention of the Order of Telegraphers was called to order with a full representation of delegates. The order is in a very flourishing condition and made very large gains in membership during the past few months.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, May 20.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet, firmer, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@487¾ for demand and 4 91½@4 92 for sixty days; posted rates 487@487½ and 4 92@4 92½; commercial bills, 485½@485¾.

Silver certificates 67¾; sales 20,000; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars 53.

United States government bonds firm: new 4's reg., 125½; do coupons, 125½; 5's reg. 113½; 5's coupons, 113½; 4's reg., 112½; 4's coupons, 113; 2's reg., 97; Pacific 6's of 95, 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, May 20.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat — May, opened 71c, closed 71½c; July, opened 72½c, closed 73½c; September, opened 72½c, closed 73½c. Corn—May, opened 51½c, closed 52c; July, opened 54c, closed 55½c; September, opened 55c, closed 54½c. Oats—May, opened 29½c, closed 30c; June, opened 29½c, closed 29½c; July, opened 25½c, closed 26½c. Pork—May, opened $12.60, closed $12.52½. July, opened $12.55, closed $12.62½. Lard—May, nominal, closed $6.77½.

Produce: Butter—Creamery, 16c per lb; extra dairy, 15c; fresh packing stock 7@7½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½ per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 9c per lb; turkeys, 7@9c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, $3.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to good, 85@87c per bushel; Hebrons, 42@54c; Peerless, 45@50c; mixed 45@50c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@4.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections; new stock, 13@15c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 6@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, May 20.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 34,000; sales ranged at $3.95@4.60 pigs, $4.35@4.55 light, $4.25@4.45 rough packing, $4.40@4.70 mixed, and $4.50@4.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle — Estimated receipts for the day, 10,000; quotations ranged at $4.50@4.90 choice to extra shipping steers, $3.05@4.55 good to choice do, $4.00@4.20 fair to good, $4.00@4.35 common to medium do, $4.90@5.35 butchers' steers, $2.50@3.70 stockers, $3.65@4.50 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $3.40@4.80 heifers, $2.00@4.40 bulls, $2.80@4.10 Texas steers, and $3.50@5.25 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 8,000; sales ranged at $3.00@4.30 westerns, $2.25@4.00 Texans, $3.25@4.00 natives, and $3.75@4.90 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, May 20.

Cattle—Receipts about 20 cars; fairly active demand for nearly all kinds. Hogs—Receipts, 125 cars; shade easier for light grades and Yorkers; good mediums, $4.70@4.85; common to good heavy ends, $4.35@4.50; rough, $4.00@4.25; pigs, $4.00@4.65. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 34 cars; fairly active; choice clipped sheep to export wethers, $4.80@4.90; fair to good mixed, $3.60@4.25; fair to clipped lambs, export, $5.00@5.30; good to choice, $5.00@5.60; fair to good, $4.00@4.65; spring lambs, common to choice, $5.75@6.50.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, May 15.

J. Edward Addicks has been elected president of all the gas companies comprising the Bay State combination.

A three-foot vein of gold-bearing quartz has been found near Guntersville, Ala.

A strong shock of earthquake was felt at Corfu, Greece, at midnight. No damage was done.

Australian colonies are enthusiastic over the British Pacific cable scheme, and each will vote a bonus to aid its construction.

A package containing three vials of nitro-glycerine was found on the sidewalk near ex-Speaker Reed's home in Portland, Me., and the police believe it proof of a plot against the ex-speaker.

By the collapse of a flue in the boilers of the steamer Unique in Lake St. Clair, between Detroit and Port Huron, George Robinson, the engineer, and Anthony Cast, coal passer, lost their lives, and John Plant, fireman, was fearfully, probably fatally, scalded. No others were injured.

Thursday, May 16.

The alleged bomb found in the street near ex-Speaker Reed's home in Portland, Me., is believed to be somebody's joke.

The treasury deficit is stated now at $50,404,867.

At Loveland, O., Frank Hill and George Myers collided while going at full speed on their bicycles, fracturing each other's skulls. Neither is expected to live.

The "Logan 108" will hold a reunion at Springfield, Ills., May 23. The "108" will commemorate the fight they fought and the battle they won when they elected John A. Logan senator in 1885 against a Democratic majority in the Illinois legislature.

It is stated that Rudolph Schnaubelt, the anarchist who threw the bomb at the Haymarket riot in Chicago, May 4, 1886, stopped at the Royal House in San Francisco last February.

The greater New York bill has passed the New York state assembly. The house has reconsidered its adverse vote on the measure.

Friday, May 17.

There are 327 cases of typhoid fever at Stanford, Conn.

The Yankton-Sioux reservation in South Dakota and the Siletz reservation in Oregon will be thrown open to settlement May 21 at noon. There are less than 200,000 acres in both of them.

Harlem race track at Chicago has shut up rather than have to fight the Civic Federation as to what it has a right to do. Eight of the men arrested at Hawthorne were held to the grand jury in $500 each.

At Troy, N. Y., a statue of the founder of Willard seminary, Emma Willard, was unveiled, and a costly dormitory, built by Russell Sage and named "Russell Sage Hall," was dedicated and presented to the seminary.

Yellow fever has broken out among British artillerymen at St. Lucia, W. I.

W. H. Thompson, alias "Kid," was sentenced to be hanged at San Quentin, Cal., for the Roscoe train robbery.

The total immigration into Canada during 1894 was 27,911, against 63,447 for 1893. Immigrants from the United States numbered 880.

Saturday, May 18.

Wheat went to 70½ cents a bushel at Chicago yesterday, on newspaper reports of chinch bugs, Hessian flies and drought.

Owing to an error it is stated that the proclamation opening the Siletz reservation in Oregon to settlers will have to be withdrawn and the date changed.

The C. B. and Q. directors have declared a dividend of one per cent. for the past quarter.

Governor William McKinley will deliver the annual address before the members of the Grand Army of the Republic at Chautauqua, Aug. 24.

A mysterious explosion took place in a railway carriage which was just arriving at the Walworth Road station of the London, Chatham and Dover railroad. An occupant of the carriage was badly injured.

A gentleman very close to the president says that unless the income tax be declared constitutional the president will, in his next message to congress, recommend the doubling of the beer-tax.

Monday, May 20.

Great excitement existed in the Chicago Board of Trade when wheat, instead of seeking a lower level, persisted in going above 70 cents a bushel, while corn sold up to 53½ cents.

Ned and Will Ross, sons of a prominent farmer, near Middlesborough, Ky., quarreled over a calf, when Ned drew a pistol and shot Will dead.

Special Agent Johnson, of the land office at Duluth, Minn., has discovered the theft of about a million feet of timber in the Ashland, Wis., district, for which some lumbermen will have to pay.

Cardinal Gibbons has started from New York en route to pay a visit to the pope. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, was a fellow passenger.

The building at Santiago de Chile occupied by the congress of Chile has been totally destroyed by fire. It is believed that the disaster is of incendiary origin.

The Bankers' Association of Illinois will hold its fifth annual meeting at Rock Island, June 5 and 6.

The body of William Brown, who was lost in the wreck of the steamer Sakie Sheppard in Maumee bay, has been found on the shore of Lake Erie, about twenty miles from Toledo, O.

For Tired Mothers

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was **All Run Down** from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all overworked, tired, weak mothers to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." MRS. G. W. WARNOCK, Beverly, Nebraska. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectually, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The sun is not an hour high, but the bivouac at the springs is far behind. With advance guard and flankers well out, the regiment is tramping [illegible] full of eagerness and spirit. The men can hardly refrain from bursting into song, but although at "route step" the fact that Indian scouts have already been sighted scurrying from bluff to bluff is sufficient to warn all hands to be silent and alert. Wilton, with his company, is on the dangerous flank and guards it well. Armitage, with Company B, covers the advance, and his men are strung out in long skirmish line across the trail wherever the ground is sufficiently open to admit of deployment. Where it is not, they spring ahead and explore every point where Indian may lurk and render ambuscade of the main column impossible. With Armitage is McLeod, the cavalry sergeant who made the night ride with the scout who bore the dispatches. The scout has galloped on toward the railway with news of the rescue; the sergeant guides the infantry re-enforcement. Observant men have noted that Armitage and the sergeant have had a vast deal to say to each other during the chill hours of the early morn. Others have noted that at the first brief halt the captain rode back, called Colonel Maynard to one side and spoke to him in low tones. The colonel was seen to start with astonishment. Then he said a few words to his second in command and rode forward with Armitage to join the advance. When the regiment moved on again and the head of column hove in sight of the skirmishers, they saw that the colonel, Armitage and the sergeant of cavalry were riding side by side, and that the officers were paying

Armitage and the sergeant of cavalry were riding side by side.

close attention to all the dragoon was saying. All were eager to hear the particulars of the condition of affairs at the corral, and all were disposed to be envious of the mounted captain who could ride alongside the one participant in the rescuing charge and get it all at first hand. The field officers, of course, were mounted, but every line officer marched afoot with his men, except that three horses had been picked up at the railway and impressed by the quartermaster in case of need, and these were assigned to the captains who happened to command the skirmishers and flankers.

But no man had the faintest idea what manner of story that tall sergeant was telling. It would have been of interest to every soldier in the command, but to no one so much so as to the two who were his absorbed listeners. Armitage, before their early march, had frankly and briefly set before him his suspicions as to the case and the trouble in which Miss Renwick was involved. No time was to be lost. Any moment might find them plunged in fierce battle, and who could foretell the results, who could say what might happen to prevent this her vindication ever reaching the ears of her accusers? Some men wondered why it was that Colonel Maynard sent his compliments to Captain Chester and begged that at the next halt he would join him. The halt did not come for a long hour, and when it did come it was very brief, but Chester received another message and went forward to find his colonel sitting in a little grove with the cavalryman while the orderly held their horses a short space away. Armitage had gone forward to his advance, and Chester showed no surprise at the sight of the sergeant seated side by side with the colonel and in confidential converse with him. There was a quaint sly twinkle in Maynard's eyes as he greeted his old friend.

"Chester," said he, "I want you to be better acquainted with my stepson, Mr. Renwick. He has an apology to make to you."

The tall soldier had risen the instant he caught sight of the newcomer, and even at the half playful tone of the colonel would relax in no degree his soldierly sense of the proprieties. He stood erect and held his hand at the salute, only very slowly lowering it to take the one so frankly extended him by the captain, who, however, was grave and quiet.

"I have suspected as much since daybreak," he said, "and no man is gladder to know it is you than I am."

"You would have known it before, sir, had I had the faintest idea of the danger in which my foolhardiness had involved my sister. The colonel has told you of my story. I have told him and Captain Armitage what led to my mad freak at Sibley, and while I have much to make amends for I want to apologize for the blow I gave you that night on the terrace. I was far more scared than you were, sir."

"I think we can afford to forgive him, Chester. He knocked us both out," said the colonel.

Chester bowed gravely. "That was the easiest part of the affair to forgive," he said, "and it is hardly for me, I presume, to be the only one to blame the sergeant for the trouble that has involved us all, especially your household, colonel."

"It was expensive masquerading, to say the least," replied the colonel, "but he never realized the consequences until Armitage told him today. You must hear his story in brief, Chester. It is needful that three or four of us know it, so that some may be left to set things right at Sibley. God grant us all safe return!" he added piously and with deep emotion. "I can far better appreciate our home and happiness than I could a month ago. Now, Renwick, tell the captain what you have told us."

And briefly it was told—how in his youthful fury he had sworn never again to set foot within the door of the father and mother who had so wronged the poor girl he loved with boyish fervor; how he called down the vengeance of heaven upon them in his frenzy and distress; how he had sworn never again to set eyes on their faces. "May God strike me dead if ever I return to this roof until she is avenged! May he deal with you as you have dealt with her!" was the curse that flew from his wild lips, and with that he left them, stunned. He went west, was soon penniless, and caring not what he did, seeking change, adventure, anything to take him out of his past, he enlisted in the cavalry and was speedily drafted to the ——th, which was just starting forth on a stirring summer campaign. He was a fine horseman, a fine shot, a man who instantly attracted the notice of his officers. The campaign was full of danger, adventure, rapid and constant marching, and before he knew it or dreamed it possible he had become deeply interested in his new life.

Only in the monotony of a month or two in garrison that winter did the service seem intolerable. His comrades were rough in the main, but thoroughly good hearted, and he soon won their esteem. The spring sent them again into the field, another stirring campaign, and here he won his stripes and words of praise from the lips of a veteran general officer as well as the promise of future reward, and then the love of soldierly deeds and the thirst for soldierly renown took firm hold in his breast. He began to turn toward the mother and father who had been wrapped up in his future, who loved him so devotedly. He was forgetting his early and passionate love, and the bitter sorrow of her death was losing fast its poignant power to steel him against his kindred. He knew they could not but be proud of the record he had made in the ranks of the gallant ——th, and then he shrank and shivered when he recalled the dreadful words of his curse. He had made up his mind to write, implore pardon for his hideous and unfilial language and invoke their interest in his career, when, returning to Fort Raines for supplies, he picked up a New York paper in the reading room and read the announcement of his father's death, "whose health had been broken ever since the disappearance of his only son, two years before." The memory of his malediction had indeed come home to him, and he fell stricken by a sudden and unaccountable blow. It seemed as though his heart had given one wild leap, then stopped forever. Things did not go so well after this. He brooded over his words and believed that an avenging God had launched the bolt that killed the father as punishment to the stubborn and recreant son. He then bethought him of his mother, of pretty Alice, who had loved him so as a little girl. He could not bring himself to write, but through inquiries he learned that the house was closed and that they had gone abroad. He plodded on in his duties a trying year; then came more lively field work and reviving interest. He was forgetting entirely the sting of his first great sorrow and mourning gravely the gulf he had placed 'twixt him and his.

He thought time and again of his cruel words, and something began to whisper to him he must see that mother again at once, kiss her hand and implore her forgiveness, or she, too, would be stricken suddenly. He saved up his money hoping that after the summer's rifle work at Sibley he might get a furlough and go east, and the night he arrived at the fort, tired with his long railway journey and panting after a long and difficult climb up hill, his mother's face swam suddenly before his eyes, and he felt himself going down. When they brought him to, he heard that the ladies were Mrs. Maynard and her daughter, Miss Renwick—his own mother, remarried; his own Alice, a grown young woman. This was indeed news to put him in a flutter and spoil his shooting. He realized at once that the gulf was wider than ever. How could he go to her now, the wife of a colonel, and he an enlisted man? Like other soldiers, he forgot that the line of demarcation was one of discipline, not of sympathy. He did not realize what any soldier among his officers would gladly have told him—that he was most worthy to reveal himself now, a non-commissioned officer whose record was an honor to himself and to his regiment, a soldier of whom officers and comrades alike were proud. He never dreamed—indeed, how few there are who do—that a man of his character, standing and ability is honored and respected by the very men whom the customs of the service require him to speak with only when spoken to. He supposed that only as Fred Renwick could he extend his hand to one of their number, whereas it was under his soldier name he won their trust and admiration, and it was as Sergeant McLeod the officers of the ——th were backing him for a commission that would make him what they deemed him fit to be—their equal.

Unable to penetrate the armor of reserve and discipline which separates the officer from the rank and file, he never imagined that the colonel would have been the first to welcome him had he known the truth. He believed that now his last chance of seeing his mother was gone until that coveted commission was won. Then came another blow. The doctor told him that with his heart trouble he could never pass the physical examination. He could not hope for preferment, then, and must see her as he was and see her secretly and alone. Then came blow after blow. His shooting had failed, so had that of others of his regiment, and he was ordered to return in charge of the party early on the morrow. The order reached him late in the evening, and before breakfast time on the following day he was directed to start with his party for town, thence by rail to his distant post. That night, in desperation, he made his plan. Twice before he had strolled down to the post, and with yearning eyes had studied every feature of the colonel's house. He dared ask no questions of servants or of the men in garrison, but he learned enough to know which rooms were theirs, and he had noted that the windows were always open. If he could only see their loved faces, kneel and kiss his mother's hand, pray God to forgive him, he could go away believing that he had undone the spell and revoked the malediction of his early youth. It was hazardous, but worth the danger. He could go in peace and sin no more toward mother, at least, and then if she mourned and missed him could he not find it out some day and make himself known to her after his discharge? He slipped out of camp, leaving his boots behind and wearing his light Apache moccasins and flannel shirt and trousers. Danger to himself he had no great fear of. If by any chance mother or sister should wake, he had but to stretch forth his hand and say, "It is only I—Fred." Danger to them he never dreamed of.

Strong and athletic, despite his slender frame, he easily lifted the ladder from Jerrold's fence, and dodging the sentry when he spied him at the gate finally took it down back of the colonel's and raised it to a rear window. By the strangest chance the window was closed, and he could not budge it. Then he heard the challenge of a sentry around on the east front and had just time to slip down and lower the ladder when he heard the rattle of a sword and knew it must be the officer of the day. There was no time to carry off the ladder. He left it lying where it was and sprang down the steps toward the station. Soon he heard No. 5 challenge and knew the officer had passed on; waited some time, but nothing occured to indicate that the ladder was discovered, and then, plucking up courage and with a muttered prayer for guidance and protection, he stole up hill again, raised the ladder to the west wall, noiselessly ascended, peered in Alice's window and could see a faint night light burning in the hall beyond, but that all was darkness there, stole around on the roof of the piazza to the hall window, stepped noiselessly upon the sill, climbed over the lowered sash and found himself midway between the rooms. He could hear the colonel's placid snoring and the regular breathing of the other sleepers. No time was to be lost. Shading the little night lamp with one hand, he entered the open door, stole to the bedside, took one long look at his mother's face, knelt, breathed upon, but barely brushed with his trembling lips, the queenly white hand that lay upon the coverlet, poured forth one brief prayer to God for protection and blessing for her and forgiveness for him, retraced his steps and caught sight of the lovely picture of Alice in the directoire costume. He longed for it and could not resist. She had grown so beautiful, so exquisite. He took it, frame and all, carried it into her room, slipped the card from its place and hid it inside the breast of his shirt, stowed the frame away behind her sofa pillow, then looked long at the lovely picture she herself made, lying there sleeping sweetly and peacefully amid the white drapings of her dainty bed. Then 'twas time to go. He put the lamp back in the hall, passed through her room, out at her window and down the ladder and had it well on the way back to the hooks on Jerrold's fence when seized and challenged by the officer of the day. Mad terror possessed him then. He struck blindly, dashed off in panicky flight, paid no heed to sentrys' cry or whistling missile, but tore like a racer up the path and never slackened speed till Sibley was far behind.

When morning came, the order that they should go was temporarily suspended. Some prisoners were sent to a neighboring military prison, and he was placed in charge, and on his return from this duty learned that the colonel's family had gone to Sablon. The next thing there was some strange talk that worried him—a story that one of the men who had a sweetheart who was second girl at Mrs. Hoyt's brought out to camp—a story that there was an officer who was too much in love with Alice to keep away from the house even after the colonel so ordered, and that he was prowling around the other night, and the colonel ordered Leary to shoot him—Leary, who was on post on No. 5. He felt sure that something was wrong—felt sure that it was due to his night visit—and his first impulse was to find his mother and confide the truth to her. He longed to see her again, and if harm had been done to make himself known and explain everything. Having no duties to detain him, he got a pass to visit town and permission to be gone a day or more. On Saturday evening he ran down to Sablon, drove over, as Captain Armitage had already told them, and peering in his mother's room saw her, still up, though in her nightdress. He never dreamed of the colonel's being out and watching. He had "scouted" all those trees, and no one was nigh. Then he softly called. She heard and was coming to him, when again came fierce attack. He had all a soldier's reverence for the person of the colonel and would never have harmed him had he known 'twas he. It was the night watchman that had grappled with him, he supposed, and he had no compunctions in sending him to grass. Then he fled again, knowing that he had only made bad worse, walked all that night to the station next north of Sablon—a big town, where the early morning train always stopped—and by 10 on Sunday morning he was in uniform again and off with his regimental comrades under orders to haste to their station—there was trouble with the Indians at Spirit Rock, and the ——th were held in readiness. From beneath his scouting shirt he drew a flat packet, an Indian case, which he carefully unrolled, and there in its folds of wrappings was the lovely directoire photograph.

Whose, then, was the one that Sloat had seen in Jerrold's room? It was this that Armitage had gone forward to determine, and he found his sad eyed lieutenant with the skirmishers.

"Jerrold," said he, with softened manner, "a strange thing is brought to light this morning, and I lose no time in telling you. The man who was seen at Maynard's quarters, coming from Miss Renwick's room, was her own brother and the colonel's stepson. He was the man who took the photograph from Mrs. Maynard's room and has proved it this very day, this very hour." Jerrold glanced up in sudden surprise. "He is with us now, and only one thing remains, which you can clear up. We are going into action, and I may not get through, nor you, nor—who knows who. Will you tell us now how you came by your copy of that photograph?"

For answer Jerrold fumbled in his pocket a moment and drew forth two letters.

"I wrote these last night, and it was my intention to see that you had them before it grew very hot. One is addressed to you, the other to Miss Beaubien. You had better take them now," he said wearily. "There may be no time to talk after this. Send hers after it's over, and don't read yours until then."

"Why, I don't understand this exactly," said Armitage, puzzled. "Can't you tell me about the picture?"

"No. I promised not to while I lived, but it's the simplest matter in the world, and no one at the colonel's had a hand in it. They never saw this one that I got to show Sloat. It is burned now. I said 'twas given me. That was hardly the truth. I have paid for it dearly enough."

"And this note explains it?"

"Yes. You can read it tomorrow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

True Sympathy.

The railway world witnesses daily so many piteous partings that weeping travelers seldom attract official notice, but Mr. G. A. Sala records an exceptional instance. It was at the time of our civil war, and he was about departing for America, as correspondent of a great London daily.

"My wife was bitterly opposed to my going to America at all, and the idea of my traveling in a country convulsed by war so preyed upon her mind that she became positively ill. Still she insisted on coming to the railway terminus with me, and a party of friends were on the platform to give us a parting cheer.

"It was a desperate moment. I had parted from all that was dear to me, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in a corner of the carriage of the mail. I glared feebly at the burly, bearded guard who thrust his head into the window. He leaned toward me, and in a voice hoarse with sympathy whispered:

"'Excuse me, sir, but you have another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another hug.'"

Fate of the Twelve Disciples.

Andrew was probably crucified at Patræ, in Achaia; Bartholomew, said to have been flayed alive and crucified, with head down, in Armenia; James, brother of John, Herod killed him with his sword; James, son of Alpheus, thrown from the temple and stoned to death; John, time of death a conjecture; Judas, said to have hanged himself in a very bungling manner; Jude, said to have died naturally and also claimed to have been martyred; Matthew, claimed as a martyr, but probably died a natural death; Peter, crucified at Rome; Philip, said to have been tortured to death in Greece; Simon (Canaanite), crucified in Judæa in the reign of Domitian; Thomas, probably put to death with a lance in Persia or India.—New York Dispatch.

Bad For the Teeth.

The practice of taking hot and ice cold drinks, especially when alternated at short intervals, as when hot coffee or tea and ice water are taken at meals, the careless use of the toothpick, which often irritates and wounds the gums and causes them to recede, the too free use of artificial sweets and the use of tobacco are all causes for the decay of the teeth. The most potent cause, however, says an authority, is the lack of natural exercise of chewing, which will bring to them a sufficient blood supply to keep them solid and sound.—New York Telegram.

DEATH OF LINCOLN.

NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the Public—A Sorrowing People Under a Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly, with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the president at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington he (the president) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing," but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento that he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibilities of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older states, and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I staid within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted, and my roommate, McA., and I whiled away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building. After awhile quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping room in the rear part of the house.

As I turned down the gas I said to my roommate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the clatter outside tonight. You know Wade Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now, my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington and has pounced down upon the president and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jocosely and without the slightest thought that the president was in any way in danger, and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "What good will that do the rebs unless they carry off Andy Johnson also?" The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlord, crying: "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and woe begone, like him who "drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night," and told his awful story. At that time it was believed that the president, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed, and this was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the loud weeping of my comrade, who had not left his bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the president and Mr. Seward's family. The president still lived, but at half past 7 o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the lamenting people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and loving heart was still. The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hovels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funereal drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Century.

Music resembles poetry. In each are numberless graces which no methods teach, and which a master's hand alone can reach.—Pope

A MODERN NAVAL BATTLE.

The Spectacle Is a Grand One and the Experience Thrilling.

A layman has no conception of the awful nature of battle in modern naval vessels. Even the cruisers have steel sides, and the air of the inclosed spaces is very confined. The din made by the impact of a heavy projectile against these metal sides is awful beyond description. I wore cotton in my ears, but in spite of that, am still deaf from that cause. The engineers in the Chen-Yuen stuck to their work even when the temperature of the engine room was above 200 degrees F. The skin of their hands and arms was actually roasted off, and every man was blinded for life, the sight being actually seared out.

Late in the action, after my hair had been burned off and my eyes so impaired by injected blood that I could only see out of one of them, and then only by lifting the lid with my fingers, I was desirous of seeing how the enemy was delivering his fire. As I groped my way around the protected deck a hundred pound shell pierced the armor about 18 inches in front of my hand. In a second my hand touching the steel was so burned that part of the skin was left upon the armor. That shows how intense is the heat engendered by the impact of a shot and how rapidly the steel conducts that heat.

One shell struck an open gun shield of the Chen-Yuen early in the action, and glancing thence passed through the open port. Seven gunners were killed and 15 wounded by that shot. Early in the fight the maxim gun in our foretop was silenced. The holes pierced by a shell could be seen from the deck. After the fight we found the officer and men on duty there all dead and frightfully mangled. That one shell had wrought the havoc.

The detonations of the heavy cannon and the impact of hostile projectiles produce concussions that actually rend the clothing off. The Chinese soldiers deserve all credit for their courage and obedience in that action. No duty was too difficult or dangerous. When the Chen-Yuen's forecastle was ablaze from Jap shells, I ordered several officers to cross the shell swept place to fight the fire. They shirked that duty, but when I called upon the men to volunteer to follow me they did it promptly, and the ship was saved. It was while on this duty that a shell passing between my legs threw me aloft and let me down upon the deck with such violence that I became unconscious and was out of the fight. All of the officers, however, were not cowards. On my ship were several who had been educated in this country, and they were as brave and devoted as men could be. Others, however, were in the safest place they could find amidships.—Captain McGiffin in Mail and Express.

Incandescent Lamp Cleaner.

Many people blame the central station for the poor light from their incandescent lamps, when the fault is really their own. They allow their lamps to be dirty. It has been shown that one day's accumulation of dust on incandescent bulbs cuts off 5 per cent of the light, so the result of a few days' neglect can easily be guessed. As a means of removing to a great extent the frequent complaints of poorness of light a central station recommends the use of a lamp cleaner which greatly facilitates the process of dusting the bulbs. To a 3 foot handle is attached a strong wire framework, which carries a number of fels mittens. By forcing the frame over each lamp and giving the handle a few turns the dust on the glass is removed, leaving the bulb as clean as when it left the factory. Each cleaner is provided with a set of rubber friction pads that will, when suitably placed on the mittens, remove and replace burned out lamps. The handle can be extended so as to reach lamps at any distance. This device makes the cleaning of lamps a very quick and easy task.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Regret That Came Too Late.

The London Musical Herald tells a queer story about Jack Wilson's tomb in the Little Cloisters at Westminster abbey. Wilson was Shakespeare's tenor. He was probably the first to sing "Sigh No More, Ladies," and he died at the age of 78, in 1673. The inscription on his tomb at the abbey was much obliterated, and under the direction of an antiquary a man was employed to recut the letters. The antiquary stood looking over him, so that he should make no mistake, and to make the time go pleasantly he expatiated at great length to the workman upon the grandeur and merits of the deceased. The man eventually stopped his work, and looking up at the antiquary said, "I wish, sir, we had known that he was such a swell before we run that there drain pipe through him."

A Very Honest View.

The young man whose salary wasn't long enough by several lengths to reach to all the points he wanted it to had been harassed that morning by numerous persons with bills and bills and bills. About noon, at which time he had lost count of them, his landlady's husband appeared with another for the past month's provender.

"What's this?" he asked, displaying considerable annoyance.

"Your board bill for the month."

"Well, I'll not pay it," he exclaimed, throwing it on his desk. "Do all you people think I have no use for money except to pay bills with?" and he invited the caller to get out.—Detroit Free Press.

Woolens.

Never put away for the summer a woolen garment of any kind that is spotted with grease or soiled with mud. Grease is astonishingly attractive to moths, and all the unbrushed clothes "age" rapidly. Ammonia for all black goods, and a delicate mixture of ether, ammonia and castile soap for colored ones, may be advised.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, MAY 25, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Birth of Venus."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Closed—"Little Robinson Crusoe" June 8.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Gismonda."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Cotton King."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE "ILLUSTRIOUS ENGLISH" VS. THE ILLUSTRIOUS IRISH.

While his Holiness, Pope Leo, was addressing his encyclical to "the illustrious English people," he, perhaps, forgot how his illustrious English friends, as recently as 1860, raised the Garibaldian Legion, and equipped and armed it, for the purpose of aiding the Italian general after whom it was named to deprive Pope Pius IX, Leo's predecessor, of "the patrimony of the church." Pio Nono, who disapproved of Irish revolution against English tyranny, and allowed the Fenians to be denounced, resolved to fight for his possessions, and, not having the pious Irish horror of bloodshed in a good cause, as he considered it, summoned to his aid the chivalric faithful of all lands. Among the chevaliers who responded to this call were 1,500 Irish volunteers, who formed themselves into the Irish Papal Brigade, and were familiarly called "the Pope's Own." Under Generals Lamoriciere and Pimodan, at Castelfidardo, Perugia, Spoleto and Ancona, they displayed the usual valor of their race and lost a goodly proportion of their number in killed and wounded. Among those who served in that body, were Capt. Miles W. Kehoe, who fell with Custer; Capt. P. F. Clooney, who was killed at Antietam, while carrying the Green flag of the Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers (Meagher's Brigade) in advance of his line at the deadly "Sunken road"; Brevet-Gen. John H. Gleeson, colonel of the Sixty-third New York Volunteers, and Brig-Gen. J. J. Coppinger, of the United States regular army, the late James G. Blaine's son-in-law. All these gentlemen, and several hundreds of others, distinguished themselves in Italy, fighting for the Pope. They expected to be all brigaded together, but, instead, the Papal generals broke them up into detachments of a few hundred men each, contrary to the spirit in which they volunteered. They returned to Ireland, after having surrendered with the honors of war, dissatisfied with the treatment they had received, not indeed from the good Pope Pius, who seemed to know very little about military matters, but from his ministers and commanders. Nearly all of them subsequently emigrated to America and served in the Union armies. A fatality seemed to pursue them, for, outside of about a dozen, most of whom are now dead, nearly all perished fighting under McClellan in Virginia and Maryland.

It seems to us that Pope Pius' successor is much more indebted to the illustrious Irish who sought to preserve the patrimony of the church than to the illustrious English who aided the Italians in capturing it. But even Papal memories are short, and poor relations are not fashionable acquaintances even with Popes. Supposing Pope Leo had addressed an encyclical to the illustrious Irish instead of the illustrious English? 'Is Grace of Norfolk would have been shocked you know, and his Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, would have had a fit, do you understand? The Irish are so very vulgah, you know. Even Irish saints, with a few exceptions, fail to figure on the Roman calendar. But St. Gregory! Ah, he was English, you know—he was a great man, of course. Yet the Pope ought to know that St. George, not St. Gregory, is England's darling saint, probably because he is represented as a man on horseback, killing something. These gentle English!

By the way, have all of us, Irish, priests and laymen, been romancing, or what, when we have asserted that Irish saints and missionaries evangelized Europe, including Britain, in the later Dark Ages? Are Brendan, Columba and the rest myths? Where do we stand in this connection? Are home-made Irish saints recognized in Rome? We want to know, you know.

THE INFAMOUS PARLIAMENTARY OATH.

"Irishmen," with English sympathies, you know, think we are too 'ard on Irish members of parliament, you know, who take the oath of allegiance to 'er Mawjesty, you know. The indefatigable *Irish Republic*, edited by those irreclaimable "rebels," William Lyman and John Sutton, has ferreted out the oath taken by all British members of parliament (including, of course, the h'Irish contingent) and it reads thus:

"I, (Justin McCarthy or John E. Redmond,) do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and will defend her to the utmost of my power against all conspiracies and attempts whatever, which shall be made against her person, crown or dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which may be formed against her or them. And I do faithfully promise to maintain, support and defend, to the utmost of my power, the succession of the crown, which succession, by an act entitled 'An Act for the Further Limitation of the Crown and Better Securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject,' is and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants, hereby utterly renouncing and abjuring any obedience or obligation unto any other person claiming or pretending a right to the crown of this realm. And I do further declare that it is not an article of my faith, and that I do renounce, reject and abjure the opinion that princes excommunicated or deposed by the Pope, or any other authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or by any person whatever. And I do declare that I do not believe that the Pope of Rome, or any other foreign prince, prelate, person, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, superiority or preeminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power, the settlement of property within this realm, as established by the laws; and I do hereby disclaim, disavow and solemnly abjure any intention to subvert the present church establishment, as settled by law within this realm. And I do solemnly swear that I never will exercise any privileges to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant government in the United Kingdom, and I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of this oath, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever. So help me God."

The foregoing is the kind of oath, with a few necessary alterations, that the A.P.A. wants to introduce into this country—borrowed from the "illustrious English race" so dear to the heart of 'is 'Oliness, the Pope. Catholic readers will observe how securely, and beautifully, the Protestant succession is hedged around, and how closely each member (Irish included) is sworn to become a government informer! Is it any wonder that John Mitchel used to call the London parliament "a mother of dead dogs?" But the dastardly Irish who go there are infinitely worse than their English masters. The latter are not to blame for walking on the prostrate bodies of willing slaves. If the Irish members of parliament are not willing slaves, they are, at least, cowardly renegades, because they swear to exclude from the English throne every man or woman of the faith to which nine-tenths of them pretend devotion.

THE WILSON BILL AND ENGLISH TRADE.

England, in all her manufacturing centres, is very well pleased with the effects upon her commerce of the Wilson bill, which has been to her a god-send indeed. British trade, which was at quite a low ebb, before that bill went into operation is steadily reviving, and English manufacturers laugh without disguise at Democratic American pretenses of being able to undersell them in their own markets under the operation of Free Trade or a very close approach to that policy. Recently a prominent resident of St. Louis, Mo., received from a well known Yorkshire manufacturer a letter in reference to a reported sale of American cloths in that district. The *Globe-Democrat* of the 14th inst. summarizes a portion of the document thus:

"Democratic papers throughout the United States have referred to the fact of this sale with a great flourish of trumpets, as an indication of what might be expected under the existing tariff law. Even United States consuls in the Yorkshire district, notably the consul at Bradford, have been called upon to make special reports on the subject, not so much in the interest of American commerce, as to vindicate the wisdom of the Wilson bill, and to establish it in the eyes of the American people as a great legislative measure embodying the principles of a new policy that was destined to revolutionize our trade at home and abroad.

"No practical business man who understands the conditions, social or industrial, that maintain on the two sides of the Atlantic could regard these reports without suspecting a political move somewhere in the background. And so it has turned out; the reported sales were sales in name only, or something next to it, being in the nature of an experiment for getting rid of cast-off stuff that nobody on this side could use. The experiment, even in this instance, was such a failure that, we are told by a London paper, 'it will not be attempted again by the Americans.'

"There is one important fact, however, that this agitation has brought very plainly to the surface—a fact of vital importance to every industrial community in the United States. If the Wilson bill had been framed for the exclusive benefit of the English working classes, its operation could not have been one whit more successful than what it is today. In support of this, it is only necessary to study the recent reports sent out from the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, supported by the regular quarterly statements of British trade, and to read from the current issues of the Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham and other leading provincial journals in England.

"One of these papers, referring to trade relations with the United States, contains the significant announcement that, in some localities in Yorkshire, it is impossible to find weavers, so great is the demand for labor to supply American orders. Similar conditions indicating the wonderful revival of trade that has taken place in England during the first few months of our new tariff law prevail in every industrial district in Great Britain. Notably is this the case in what is called the West of England district, celebrated for its fine worsteds and woolens, the Bradford district, for its stuffs and cheaper class of worsted coatings, and the Huddersfield market, which supplies the largest percentage of the finest worsted cloths found in the United States.

"The Sheffield *Daily Telegraph*, one of the most aggressive trade papers in the provinces, and the very one that was loudest and fiercest in its denunciation of the McKinley act, finds cause to solace itself with the satisfactory condition of the cutlery market, and the encouraging prospect which the revival of trade with the United States holds out to the working element of that locality. Even the lace manufacturers of Nottingham—that celebrated city of laces and goose fairs—are beginning to grow jubilant under the influence of the boom. Only a short time ago cable advices proclaimed that the tide had set in at Belfast, where the depression in the linen industry was so marked as to cause widespread alarm throughout the North of Ireland. This affected not only the skilled labor in every factory district, but also the unskilled classes who are employed in producing the raw material in the Continental countries, including Russia, Belgium, Germany and France, each one of which contributes its share to the Belfast market. Here are conditions which point conclusively to one result, namely, that European labor has been materially benefitted by the so-called Wilson law.

"When Mr. Wilson made his celebrated speech in London, the English papers were visibly entertained by his fantasies about free trade and the results he predicted when we had reached that economic basis in this country. An evening paper published at Bradford, more outspoken and evidently more candid than other English journals, did not hesitate to declare that the adoption of such a policy would mark the dawn of a new and prosperous era for English workmen, while it would be the death blow to American industries, and the inauguration of a new order of things that must eventually lead to the dethronement and demoralization of labor in this country.

"The *Pall Mall Gazette* of a recent date, after referring to the ripple of excitement caused by the reports concerning this sale, says that it made them the subject of a careful investigation, and found there was nothing whatever in them to cause the slightest uneasiness on the part of the English merchant. It discovered that an American house had sent over a lot of shoddy or cheap stuff that wasn't marketable here, which was finally disposed of at a sacrifice, and emphasizes the prediction that this shipment will be the last."

PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

Now that the season of trans-Atlantic travel has fairly begun, it may be well to draw the attention of Americans of all kinds to the attractions offered by Ireland as a place of summer resort. They must not be too easily shocked at a few conditions that do not prevail in this country to any alarming extent. Professional beggars—who ought to be abolished—may make life a torture at Killarney and some other places; cabins may appear primitive and tumble-down in certain districts; sanitary conditions may be shamefully neglected in some localities; the unpicturesque and intensely practical pig may be allowed too much freedom around the farm premises; and the horse, the ass and the cow may be, occasionally, too much in evidence in the immediate neighborhood of the peasant's sleeping apartment; but these are only blemishes that cannot spoil the splendid living picture that picturesque Ireland offers to the human eye. We have squalor, beggary, filth and carelessness here in America—it is not necessary to go beyond the limits of Chicago to find them—but these defects do not eclipse the glories of river, mountain, plain and lake offered by the great republic to the admiring gaze of the world.

Ireland must be judged charitably—must be looked upon with a loving and indulgent, not hypercritical, eye by the American tourist. He will see, of course, empty harbors and decaying towns, and many impoverished people besides, but English "law" cannot level the Irish mountains, fill up the Irish rivers or turn the emerald of her sod to the hue of a russet apple. These glories are enduring—her "fatal gift of beauty."

An Englishman, named J. W. Crossley, has fallen in love with Ireland. He is a plain, practical chap, and, like most of his countrymen, combines business with sentiment. Mr. Crossley has organized an Irish Tourist Development agency, and, like the "smart" fellow he is, has been interviewed on the subject in good American fashion. He is quite frank about Irish peculiarities, but that is all the better. A little healthy criticism hurts nobody. "H.J.P." in the London *Today* gives an interview with Mr. Crossley thus:

"'Ireland is misunderstood. The Englishman looks upon her, so to speak, as the land of St. Politic, not as that of St. Patrick. We have mountains like Wales, we have lakes that Switzerland might envy, we have sport that Scotland cannot beat, we have spots where the archæologist may revel and the botanist dream. We have everything to tempt the tired who love the beautiful, and who long to get away from the conventional run up the Rhine, or the week in Paris, when Paris has gone to the seaside. In spite of all this, England will persist in looking upon it as a distressful country, with politicians as its only claim to distinction!'

"'Well,' Mr. Crossley, I suggested, 'England cannot be held solely to blame; we certainly hear enough of Ireland in one way or another?'

"'There you are right; quite right. Ireland is to blame, and to blame only. Those who should, and could, make Ireland a favorite tourist ground do nothing. Correspondents have assured me that when they say to local folk, How is it you don't get more to come and see this beautiful spot? they reply, Oh, Mr. Crossley and his Tourist Development Agency are doing it for us. That's where it is, I am expected to do everything, and they wait at home for results and do nothing. Ireland is to blame for its wrongs—by tourists. But I think this is coming to an end. They are waking up by degrees. * * * The railway companies are also laying down something like £100,000 for the building of hotels at all the most famous spots.'

"'The tourist now-a-days,' I suggested, 'is so pampered that he understands his independent position. What can you offer, say to the sportsman, the golfer, the cyclist, the oarsman, the angler, and the mountain climber?'

"'For the cyclist we offer splendid roads, a hospitable peasantry and hotel-keepers; every golf player knows perfectly well that he can do no better than come to Ireland; angler and oarsman will find lakes and rivers that will more than favorably surprise them, and sportsmen—well, in regard to sportsmen I will be frank. The truth is this, there is too much poaching, and until the game laws are enforced sportsmen will fight shy of taking shooting lands. The Irishman cannot see that he is his worst enemy when he poaches a pheasant or a hare and sells it for a few coppers. He cries 'No coercion' if he is prosecuted, and that, I believe, is why so few sportsmen care to rent these lands, although they know that the game there is magnificent. The Scotch are different. They appreciate that it is bread and butter to them to keep the game up to its finest point, but the Irishman, I am afraid, does not see that. He thinks of the pennies and forgets the hundreds that would be brought into his district if only the wealthy would shoot over the land.'

"'And Patrick—how do you find him as a host when once he finds his visitor?'

"'The best fellow in the world. He will do anything for you; he would refuse to give you a glass of water, and would persist in your waiting while he caught the cow to mild it. He will walk miles to show the sights without any thought of a fee. Go into Wicklow, where the scenery is pretty, into Kerry where it is beautiful, into Connemara where it is grand, into Donegal where it is wild and mountainous, and you will find everyone anxious to greet you and make you comfortable and at home. But, above all, tell your readers to go to the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, where you get one of the grandest views in Europe, and to the Achill Islands, where the fuschias grow wild, and you can easily imagine yourself in the tropics. But I am sure the tourist who knows that Killarney is beautiful, and does not know that we can show him even more beautiful lakes, that the Giant's Causeway is very wonderful, and does not think we can show more wonderful things still, need only once be told that we will do everything that mortals can do to make for him a delightful holiday to decide him to come over to Ireland.'"

$150 an Inch.

The railways of London are said to be by far the most expensive in the world, from the constructor's point of view. That portion of the underground line between the Mansion House and Aldgate Stations was built at the rate of $150 an inch. A comparatively small portion of this went in material; the cost of land and the compensation to surrounding tenants being the chief item. The total cost of the line was close upon two millions sterling, and Sir Edward Watkin stated that the average cost was 1,000 guineas a yard.

OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES H. HINMAN.

Charles H. Hinman, secretary and treasurer of the Northwestern Traveling Men's Association, died Sunday morning at 3:15 o'clock, at his residence, No. 2949 Indiana avenue, of Bright's disease. The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon, at the residence.

Mr. Hinman was born in Mount Morris, N.Y., in 1843. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted in the One Hundred and Twentieth New York Infantry, from which he was transferred to the cavalry. He served three years with this branch of the service. At the battle of Cold Harbor he was wounded in both legs and the right arm, taken prisoner by the Confederates and recaptured the same day by the Union cavalry. His wounds, from which he never completely recovered, kept him in a hospital for over a year.

In 1871 M. Hinman came to Chicago, and soon after became connected with the wholesale house of Cragin Brothers & Chandler, remaining with them five years. He then entered the employ of A. F. Seeberger & Co., and for ten years represented that firm in the West and Northwest, resigning his position in 1886 to enter upon his duties as secretary and treasurer of the Northwestern Traveling Men's Association.

Mr. Hinman was a great angler, and caught more big fish in the Michigan lakes than any man of his day. His friendly disposition and agreeable manners made him popular, and his premature death is universally lamented.

MISS MARY LORETTA BARRETT.

The Hon. and Mrs. John P. Barrett, of 4400 Michigan avenue, have the sincere sympathy of their thousands of friends in the great loss they have suffered in the death of their second daughter, Mary Loretta. The deceased young lady was 23 years of age, and was, in addition to her brilliancy of intellect, possessed of many lovely and amiable qualities which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning from the family residence.

DR. J. H. LEONARD.

Dr. J. Henry Leonard, No. 26 Ogden avenue, died Sunday last at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, after an illness of ten days, of pneumonia. Dr. Leonard was born in Galesburg, Ill., twenty-eight years ago, and came to Chicago in 1892. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons and Knox College. The funeral took place in galesburg.

MR. STEPHEN TIGHE.

Stephen Tighe, of 81 South Center avenue, died on Monday, May 20. He was born in the county Roscommon, Ireland, thirty years ago, and came to Chicago in 1885. He was an ardent lover of [illegible] native country. Mr. Tighe was a fine specimen of manhood, and was a member of Company A, Clan-na-Gael Guards, and St. Joseph's Court No. 8, Catholic Order of Foresters. He leaves two brothers, John and Martin, and four sisters, Delia, Annie, Kate and Mrs. P. Loughman, to mourn his loss. The funeral occurred on Friday from his late residence to Holy Family church, where solemn high mass was celebrated, thence by cars to Calvary.

SISTER MARY BENITA.

On Saturday, April 11, Sister Mary Benita, of the Order of St. Joseph, died at St. Joseph's Hospital in Kansas City, Mo. Sister Mary Benita, whose name in the world was Margaret Coffey, was born in the beautiful lake region of Westmeath, Ireland, twenty-five years ago. From her youth she evinced a desire for a religious life. Coming with her parents to this country, about eleven years ago, the desire for a religious life only grew with time. Five years ago she entered the Order of St. Joseph, and her novitiate was spent in St. Louis. From there she was sent to St. Joseph, Mo., and remained there until sent to the hospital in Kansas City a month ago. The end soon came. Sister Mary Benita had a sweet, uncomplaining nature, and never murmured. Surely they are happy "who die in the Lord." She was buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Kansas City, on the 13th inst.

FRIENDS OF "THE CITIZEN."

Our agent, Mr. William Sullivan, desires to return his sincere thanks to the friends of THE CITIZEN with whom he came in contact, for courtesies extended to him while in Joliet, Bloomington, Springfield, East St. Louis, St. Louis, and Kansas City. He also speaks favorably of the employes of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, and claims this line to be the very best road leaving Chicago for those points.

C. T. A. UNION OF ILLINOIS.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Illinois, one of the strongest temperance organizations in the State, will hold its twenty-fourth annual convention in the city of Streator, Ill., on Sunday, May 26. Trains will leave Dearborn station, via the Santa Fe railroad, at 8 o'clock a. m. sharp, and return the same day, leaving Streator at 8 p. m. The fare for the round-trip will be $1 for adults and 50 cents for cadets. All persons desirous of going on this excursion should purchase their tickets by 9 o'clock on Saturday, May 25, at the Santa Fe ticket office, corner Clark and Adams streets, and avoid the rush of the last moments. Committees have been appointed in Streator, and the most complete arrangements have been made to give the delegates and friends of temperance a cordial reception. Through the kindness of the directors of the Santa Fe railroad the fare has been regulated to suit all persons desirous of enjoying a pleasant and agreeable outing. They also guarantee fine accommodation in every manner agreeable. Trains will stop at Lemont, Joliet and Coal City, where delegates to the convention will join the column. The following gentlemen are expected to favor the convention with their presence: Rev. M. Dowling, S. J., Rev. Thomas Cox, Hon. W. J. Onahan and others.

From present indications it is assured that the coming convention will be the largest ever held by the Union in the State of Illinois. To all societies, whether in or out of the Union, and the citizens in general who believe in the sanctity, happiness and sobriety of the home and the principles of good government, a cordial invitation to this convention is hereby extended.

Tickets can be obtained at the following places: Father Mathew Hall, Miller and Taylor streets; School Hall of Our Lady of Sorrows; Sodality Hall, Eleventh and May streets, or at the ticket office of the Santa Fe Railway, Clark and Adams streets, up to 9 o'clock Saturday morning, May 25, thereby saving time and trouble on Sunday morning, as the train will leave at 8 a.m. sharp.

W. J. O'CONNOR, Sec'y.

MR. DONOHUE ABROAD.

Loaded Down With "Tips."

Last week Michael A. Donohue and wife, of Auburn Park, left for a four months' tour of Ireland and the European cities. Three weeks will be spent in Ireland and a month toward the close of the journey in Paris. The trip was entered upon at the advice of Mr. Donohue's physician to regain strength after a long illness. Mr. Donohue is senior member of the publishing house of Donohue & Heneberry. This is the first vacation he has taken from the big enterprise in which he has made a fortune by two decades of close service. It is said that the trip was undertaken without intimation to business associates.

Mr. Donohue has gained peculiar notions as to modes of travel from his friends who have visited Europe. He proposes to make his own system in several things. He takes no baggage but a bandbox and one telescope, because the baggage-check system is not in vogue in many places and passengers must look up their luggage and superintend transfers. He proposes instead of bothering with laundries to buy his linen new and drop it as soon as soiled. In the convenient chinks of his telescope Mr. Donohue will carry all the coin of small denomination he could stow away to be used for "tipping" purposes. Mr. Donohue believes the "tip" is undoubtedly the best lubricator of menial machinery.

A PROMISING NEW SUBURB.

The indefatigable S. E. Gross is virtually doing a land-office business at his headquarters in the Masonic Temple, in connection with the handsome new suburb, of which he is the founder, West Grossdale, which is only twenty-eight minutes' ride from the business centre of the city on the C. B. & Q. Railroad. It is laid out for fifteen hundred beautiful and commodious houses, which will hold a population of, at least, from 5,000 to 7,500 souls. Among the improvements already made by Mr. Gross may be mentioned the planting of 7,000 trees, and many more will be added from time to time, including fine, shady evergreens. There are also macadamized streets, sewers, concrete walks, on the principal streets and wooden walks on others, street-lamps, and, in fact, all modern improvements. It is expected that about fifty houses will be erected during the approaching summer. To illustrate the moderate scale at which property is sold, it is only necessary to say that a man or woman can stand upon the $200 West Grossdale lots and almost cast a stone to where other property is for sale at from $40 to $75 per foot. A fine new depot, to cost $5,000, is now being completed.

PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY.

At its regular weekly meeting last Sunday afternoon, the Philo-Celtic Sociсto voted to extend an invitation to all the friends of the Irish language to be present at it meeting Sunday, May 26, when the splendid address on the "Duty of Preserving the Irish Language," delivered by Prof. Thomas Hayes at the Irish Teachers' Congress held in Cork recently, as published in THE CITIZEN, will be read.

The new class studying the text book compiled by the Rev. Father O'Growney, is making great progress in the language, and some of the students who could not speak a word of Irish last winter are now able to speak and write it to a considerable extent. The other advanced class is studying some of the writings of the early Gaelic authors.

Last Sunday a class for "Irish Conversation," formed on the same plan as the French and German conversation classes in some of the large colleges, was started. It will meet one or two evenings during the week at such places as its members decide on.

The school meets for instructions in the Irish language every Sunday afternoon, from 2 until 6 o'clock, at Room 35, first floor, City Hall. No charge for tuition, and the text books are sold at the very low price of 15 cents; they can be obtained from the librarian at the school.

All communications should be addressed to D. A. Burke, secretary, care of William Raleigh, librarian, 735 Canal street, Chicago.

MADDEN BROTHERS.

The offices of Madden Brothers, real estate, loan and renting agents, have been removed from 167 Dearborn street to the Marquette Building, 204 Dearborn street, suite 524–525–526, where they will be pleased to meet all their old clients.

A True Hero

Is the individual who smiles with apparent cheerfulness during an attack of rheumatism. If such there be" we never met him nor her. An agonized grin is the nearest approach to cheerfulness of aspect we ever beheld under such circumstances. But when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has repelled—as it certainly will—the earlier attacks of this formidable disease, the quondam sufferer has good reason not alone to smile, but to give vent to hearty guffaws interspersed with frequent chuckles. To the removal of dyspepsia, malarial and kidney complaints, constipation and disorder of the liver, the Bitters is specially adapted. It renews failing strength and appetite, and counteracts the infirmities of age. When debilitating maladies are succeeded by tardy convalescence with a danger of relapse, it accelerates a gain in vigor and flesh, and tends to re-establish health on a lasting basis. Give it a suitable trial.

BELLS OF ST. JAMES

Blest Last Sunday—The Church Will be Consecrated To-morrow.

Laying of the Corner-stone of St. Vincent's New Church—Other New Churches.

The bells of St. James' church were baptized with much ceremony Sunday afternoon. The services were held on the church lawn, and were viewed by a large throng. The ceremony of blessing the chimes of a church before they were placed in the belfry is almost similar to that of the baptism of a child, and the service held last Sunday was the first of the kind performed in Chicago where more than one bell had been blessed at one time.

The blessing was given by the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire, rector of St. James' church. He was assisted by the Rev. Dennis A. Tighe of the Church of the Holy Angels, the Rev. M. J. Dorney of St. Gabriel's, and the Rev. A. J. McGavick of All Saints'. The long procession of acolytes was formed in the vestry and marched down the aisle to the outside of the church, preceded by the cross-bearer and the acolytes swinging their censors, from which arose the incense. The officiating priests were at the rear of the procession.

The bells were first baptized by water and afterward anointed. Each of the twenty bells was blessed with the cross eleven times both inside and out. The saint for which each bell was named was announced as the cross and anointment were made, and hereafter each one of the bells will be known by the name given it yesterday. The sponsors who stood for the bells were from the families of the donors and these stood near the bells which they represented as the blessing over each was said. As the benediction was pronounced the great bell of St. James was swung by four men and the first clang since the arrival of the chimes upon the church grounds rang forth. The bell was swung until the trinity number was made.

The work of placing the bells in position began Monday, and will be completed in time for the consecration of St. James' church next Sunday morning. The bells are, with the exception of three, individual gifts of members of the parish. The largest, the bell of St. James, is the gift of the parish, and two were given by church societies. The chime of bells is the largest ever made in the United States. The following were the donors:

St. James—The parish.
Jesu—League of the Sacred Heart.
St. John—Mrs. Mary F. Hopkins.
Patrick Augustine—Dedicated to Archbishop Feehan.
St. Joseph—Mrs. M. Corrigan.
St. Bernard—Mrs. B. Callaghan.
St. Helen—James C. Burke.
St. Edward—Edward Hudson.
St. Mary—M. W. Murphy.
St. Cecelia—Young Ladies' Sodality.
St. de Sales—Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Cummings.
St. Bridget—M. McNamara.
St. Andrew—Mrs. M. Meehan.
St. Martin—Mrs. E. C. Smith and Miss M. Crowe.
St. Michael—Mrs. M. Walsh.
St. Thomas—Thomas Brenan.
St. Hugh—The Class of 1894 of St. James' School.
St. Agnes—Children of Mary.
St. Anne—C. S. Witgreave.
St. Catherine—Eugene O'Reilly.

The consecration of St. James' next Sunday morning will be an event of unusual importance in the Catholic church. A consecration has never taken place west of the Allegheny Mountains. It is necessary that not only should the church be fully completed but also out of debt. The churches in the East that have been consecrated have generally been at least a half century old. St. James' is only fifteen years.

Solemn high mass will be held at 8 o'clock and will continue until 11, when the consecrating ceremonies will commence. None will be admitted to the church for these services but the dignitaries.

At this ceremony Archbishop Feehan will preside. Fathers Tighe, Gill and Fitzsimons assisting him. The masters of ceremonies will be Fathers Malone and Van Pelt. The deacons of the mass will be Fathers Tighe and Riordan, while Father McGavick will be the cross-bearer.

ST. VINCENT'S NEW CHURCH.

Laying of the Corner-stone by Archbishop Feehan Last Sunday.

At 4 o'clock last Sunday afternoon the corner-stone of St. Vincent's Catholic church, Webster and Sheffield avenues, was laid by Archbishop Feehan, the ceremony being performed with much pomp, and viewed by an immense crowd. The archbishop was attired in his church vestments and surrounded by priests and acolytes. At 3 o'clock a number of church societies, Foresters, Knights of St. John, cadets, and others assembled at the Archbishop's residence and escorted him to the church. The procession numbered about 1,000 men. John F. Walsh was chief marshal and Michael Brennan chief of staff. At 4 o'clock the Archbishop, wearing his robes and mitre and carrying his crozier, entered the church, accompanied by Vicar-General Dowling, Chancellor Muldoon, the Very Rev. Thomas Smith, provincial of the Vincensian order, and about twenty other priests. A number of societies and as many parishioners as could obtain admission crowded in after them, filling the church. The church litanies and a number of hymns were chanted in Latin by the priests, and the Archbishop blessed the corner-stone and sprinkled it with holy water. The stone, which contains a number of relics and documents, was then lowered into place, the Archbishop setting it in place with a silver trowel. After the ceremony the clergymen marched in procession around the church, chanting as they went. Re-entering the church they assembled in the sanctuary, where the sermon was preached by Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque. The new church was begun in October, 1893. The walls are finished to the top of the main entrance, and it is expected to have the structure under roof by Sept. 1. The building faces on Webster avenue, and has a depth of 150 feet. It is built of cut white granite and is Romanesque in architecture. The plans were drawn by James J. Egan. The Rev. E. M. Smith, of the Vencensian order, is pastor.

New Church of the Holy Angels.

Chicago will soon have another new Catholic church, which will be called the Church of the Holy Angels, and is to take the place of the present frame structure on Oakwood boulevard. The church will have a frontage of not less than 96 feet, a depth of 150 feet and will have 1,200 seats. It will cost $80,000. There will be a tower and campanile, 140 feet high, flanked on one side by the baptistery and on the other by a mortuary chapel. The material of the structure will be mostly brown stone. Archbishop Feehan will lay the foundation in the immediate future.

New Church in Lemont, Ill.

The plans have been completed for Father M. O'Sullivan's new church in Lemont, Ill., the estimated cost of which will be about $16,000. The building is to be Gothic in style, 104 feet long, 51 feet wide and 39 feet to the ridge of the roof, with a tower 72 feet high. Several of the stained glass memorial windows in the present St. Patrick's church will be transferred to the new building. The Rev. Father O'Sullivan, who was appointed pastor of St. Potrick's church in Lemont only a few months ago, was formerly connected with Nativity parish in Chicago.

WHEN ERIN FIRST ROSE.

BY DR. WILLIAM DRENNAN.

When Erin first rose the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the Green Island and saw it was good;
The emerald of Europe, it sparkled and shone
In the ring of the world the most precious stone!
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
O sons of green Erin! lament o'er the time
When religion was war, and our country a crime—
When man in God's image inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of bigotry home to his den
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men;
Let thy sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin! that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to green;
Yet, O, when we're up and they're down, let them live.
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin! be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle!

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the green shall outlive both the orange and blue,
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share
With the full swelling chest, and the fair-flowing hair.
Their bosoms heave high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that full swelling wave.
Men of Erin, awake! and make haste to be blest,
Rise—Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West!

This noble song was composed by Dr. Drennan, in the stirring period of '98, and is evidence of the patriotism Belfast and Belfast Protestants felt for Ireland at the time. Before his day the principal poems of the land were in Irish; thenceforth the poetic patriotism of the land organized the English language to its purpose. Moore referred to this poem as "that beautiful but rebellious song." Lover says of it: "The feelings of an unflinching patriot of the period are eloquently poured forth," and no one can deny much poetic power and artistic accomplishment to the above lines.

TRUE TO OLD IRELAND.

James Killelea Voices the Sentiments of Nashville Irishmen.

(Nashville American, May 14.)

The *Irish Republic* of New York, in its issue of the 12th inst., prints the following letter from James Killelea, of this city:

"NASHVILLE, May 8.—I have been often asked of late by Irish-Americans of Nashville if the Irish cause was dead. They were convinced that the parliamentarians were indeed dead, and their issues dead issues. Their dissensions have killed them, and they scarce deserve decent burial, but the Irish cause still lives, no thanks to them.

"The Irish Federation of New York is out with another personal appeal for funds to pay $10,000 back salary due to Irish members of parliament for fighting one another.

"I was glad to read about the new movement in this morning's Nashville *American*, and to learn that a convention would be held in the near future. It was a pleasure to see the true and tried Irish-Americans coming to the front again. The time is ripe to organize a true National spirit on the basis of the old Fenian organization. Though we are grizzly and grey the old Fenians of Nashville wish God speed to the new movement for Irish independence.

JAMES KILLELEA."

Roast Beef of h'Old h'England.

[To the Editor.]

MILWAUKEE, May 20.—Your editorial on Leo's encyclical to the holy English is all wrong. The mission of the Irish is to spread the faith, and the fulfilment of that mission will be, the conversion of John Bull. To make the conversion sure, the mission in England should open with roast beef and plum-pudding—the Irish to do the praying and fasting, especially the fasting. It will be a great day for Ireland.

JEREMIAH QUIN.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.

One of the finest dairy farms in McHenry county, Illinois. Two hours from Chicago. Five minutes from station on Northwestern Railway. Near church and school. Three hundred acres, with sixty cows, fifty hogs, etc. Shipping milk to Chicago. Will give long time on part of price, or will trade for good Chicago real estate. Address "A," THE CITIZEN office.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

West Baden and French Lick Springs.

Commencing Wednesday, May 15, and continuing every Wednesday and Saturday night thereafter, a special Sleeping Car will be run direct from Chicago to West Baden and French Lick Springs via the Monon Route, returning Thursday and Sunday nights. Tickets and Sleeping Car reservations at City Ticket Office, 232 Clark street, Telephone Main 174.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Picnic Grounds.

The best picnic grounds near Chicago are located on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. St. Paul Park, Turner Park and Birchwood are all within twelve miles of Union Depot or Kinzie Street Depot, with low rates and quick transit. For further information call on or address H. E. Laing, City Passenger Agent, 95 Adams street.

A BACHELOR OF FORTY-FIVE.

At forty-five! Ah, can it be
The rapid steeds have reached the stage,
That Time has meted out to me
The years of man's maturer age;
And I can call mine own at this
No better half, no family hive,
But live in so-called single bliss,
A bachelor of forty-five!

I'fain would take the ladies' way.
And, as to age, deny the fact;
But 'tis an awkward game to play,
These registrars are so exact.
No! I'll admit it, like a man,
Nor foolishly with figures strive,
But face the truth, e'en as I can,
A bachelor of forty-five.

I never meant it should be so;
And how the matter happened thus,
Indeed, I really do not know,
Nor how the subject to discuss.
I always loved the ladies, but—
'Tis wondrous how these "buts" contrive
To keep a man from wedlock shut,
A bachelor of forty-five.

When five-and-twenty was my date,
Had any dismal seer foretold
That this would be my hap and fate,
I should have held him false as bold;
More likely were it had he said
That now I should not be alive,
Than that I should be still unwed,
A bachelor of forty-five.

Ah yes! When beams youth's radiant sun,
When faith is strong, and hope is high,
Man weens not how his path may run,
Nor how the promised land may lie;
He weens not to what unthought goal
Resistless fate his life may drive,
And make him—poor unmated soul!—
A bachelor of forty-five.

But cheerful hope is with me still—
Hard were my case if hope had fled;
Good fishes yet the waters fill,
And there are damsels still unwed;
And in some matrimonial sea
Perchance I yet may daring dive,
And be no more though still I be,
A bachelor of forty-five.

WOODBURN.

—Chambers' Journal.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.
DENTIST.
122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.
FIFTH FLOOR.

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star,"

as Emerson said,—that is, don't be content with any bicycle except the best one made—the COLUMBIA. Matchless as these famous bicycles have been in past years, you will rub your eyes when you see the quality and beauty of the 1895 models—$100.

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General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD.
BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, PROVIDENCE, BUFFALO.

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Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs,
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O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove length, $6. per cord delivered
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HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in Teas, Wines and Liquors,
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Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

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Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860.

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Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

West Grossdale

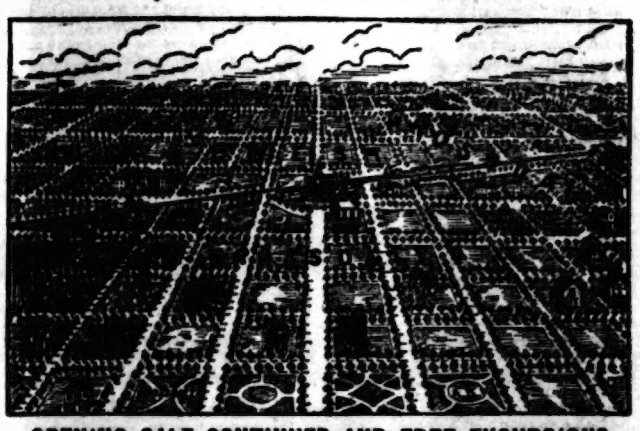
THE NEW MONARCH SUBURB OF CHICAGO. 40 LOTS SOLD THE FIRST DAY.

The chance of your life to get in on the Ground Floor of one of S. E. Gross' New Suburban Towns.

Eighteen Towns Built and Sold by me in Fifteen Years. Every one a grand success, and West Grossdale will excel them all.

Now is the time for you to secure a great bargain.

FIRST PURCHASERS IN MY NEW TOWNS HAVE INVARIABLY MADE LARGE AND QUICK PROFITS ON THEIR SMALL INVESTMENTS.



OPENING SALE CONTINUED AND FREE EXCURSIONS
Saturday, May 25, and Sunday, May 26.

Special Free C., B. & Q. Trains from Union Depot, Canal and Adams Streets, at 2 P. M. on both of above days.

FREE TICKETS at South Depot Gate at train time. | Your choice of the whole Suburb for $200 per lot and upward.

Easiest terms ever offered:—A little cash down; balance in very easy monthly payments.

BRING $10 WITH YOU TO DEPOSIT ON SUCH LOT AS YOU MAY SELECT.

West Grossdale is 28 minutes ride over the C., B. & Q. Ry.; finest of Suburban railway service, and cheap fare. Bounded immediately by the vast improvements of Grossdale upon the east and close to the 5,000-town of La Grange upon the west. One can almost throw a stone from these $200 lots to property that is selling for $50 per front foot. The improvements of this new Monarch Suburb are of the highest order. Seven thousand trees put in, four to each 25-foot lot. A beautiful park laid out across the entire subdivision. Nine-foot main sewer and ten inch to eighteen inch lateral sewers. 1¼ miles of macadamized boulevards and streets. 3½ miles of concrete walks. Extra fine boulevard lamps and street lights. New $5,000 depot already up. Five houses to be begun in next fortnight and fifty to be built within the year. Ogden Ave. Electric Car Line when built will bisect this property. Convenient to high school, graded schools and churches of all denominations and stores and markets.

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We insist that "every yard, every item" of merchandise in this entire store be marked "always" (not for an hour or a day, but "always") as low "or lower" in price than equal qualities are sold for elsewhere; furthermore, we watch most carefully that "no" mistake be made in carrying out these emphatic instructions. In comparing prices "qualities must, of course, be considered"—worthless goods are never cheap and such goods are "not" for sale in this store.

It is our fixed rule that each of our many departments contains always a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT *of the goods of its kind*—from the finest possible qualities down to the *very least expensive* TRUSTWORTHY *makes* (any merchandise which falls below the "trustworthy" point is not *desirable at any price*). We repeat, for added emphasis, that:

Every yard, every item, in every department, is always marked at a price as low, or lower, than is quoted elsewhere.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.
John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.
MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,
Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

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ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
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No Cure. No Pay!
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ESTABLISHED 1864.
157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC OF THE WAR

Soul Stirring Songs That Inspired the Soldiers.

PRODUCT OF FERVID PATRIOTISM.

Sentimental, Humorous and Purely Patriotic—Authors of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag."

The songs of a nation are among the most enduring of its memories, and in time of war are the most potent of its moral influences. Frenchmen are moved by "The Marseillaise," Germans are aroused to fighting enthusiasm by "The Watch on the Rhine," Englishmen have marched to battle singing "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen," and we have all read how "Annie Laurie," begun by a sentinel on his post, swept in grand chorus through the British camp in front of Sevastopol. The favorite of the Italian is known as "The Garibaldian Hymn," while we Americans recognize the loftiest and purest patriotism in the stirring measures of our own "Star Spangled Banner."

Nevertheless it is noteworthy that no great war song ever has been written by a great poet. Its melody and verse have been rather the inspired product of fervid patriotism than of the studied effort of genius. During the first three years of the late war thousands of verses were composed by earnest men and women in both the north and south, but how few among these winged messengers of the brain survive! There were lyrics that timed the march to battle, war slogans that sang out like the inspiring rat-a-tat of a drum and elegies that recited the virtues of the hero dead, yet the memory of most of them passed away with the generation that saw their birth. Of those that have lingered longest and bid fair to become a permanent heritage of the struggle brief mention may be here made.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

Opinions will vary as to the degree of their popularity or order of merit, but several will always retain their old ring and make the pulse beat faster wherever veterans of the war are assembled. No one, for instance, will deny a place of honor to "The Battle Cry of Freedom."

It was one of several songs written by George F. Root, a composer and publisher of many other beautiful songs and ballads prior to 1861, and was first sung by the celebrated Hutchinson family at a mass meeting in the city of New York. Mr. Root was born in Sheffield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1820, and as an evidence of his virility the incident may be related that as recently as January of the present year, at a military entertainment in Chicago, the venerable maker of the verse and music, gray haired, yet alert, was called to the stage and in a strong voice sang his own patriotic rallying song. At the end of each verse he was cheered to the echo, and not content with that the audience took the words out of the mouths of the army of singers and joined enthusiastically in the chorus.

The story has been printed that during the desperate fight in the Wilderness, May 6, 1864, a Federal command was driven back in disorder with heavy loss. Reforming, it prepared once more to confront the enemy. At this moment some of the men of the Forty-fifth Pennsylvania began to sing:

We'll rally round the flag, boys, rally once again.

The refrain was taken up by other regiments in line of battle, and, with recovered spirits, the previously disheartened boys dashed back into the thick of the fight. The original words are as follows:

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
We will rally from the hillside,
We will rally from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever! Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitors, up with the stars,
While we rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call
Of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks
With a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll bear the glorious stars
Of the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We will face them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us
As we are rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

Another of the numerous war songs written by Mr. Root and which acquired a popularity that has not yet passed away is known wherever the English language is spoken as

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING.

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back, dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

In a different strain, but with a pathos that endeared the song to thousands of households as well as to the boys in camp, the same composer wrote:

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave around me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God,
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again.
Oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words we know,
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark, I hear the bugle sounding.
'Tis the signal for the fight.
Now, may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air!
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard
Or perish nobly there.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

After the execution of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, in December, 1859, a song was adopted that speedily became a part of the marching music of the armies of the north. Its catchy phrases were not only familiar around the firesides of the country, but in all public gatherings where music was wont to inspire the multitude. It relieved the tedium of camp life, and as it resounded through columns of men tramping patiently along the dusty highways it lightened the weariness of their footsteps.

It is said that the words, with the exception of the first stanza, were written by Mr. Charles S. Hall of Massachusetts, but long before the war the air, wedded to other words, was familiar on every plantation in the south. It was the favorite camp meeting melody of the negroes, and few spectacles were more inspiring than when, with grotesque gestures, they joined in singing (the women first):

Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
Say, my brudders, will we meet yo'?
On Ca-ni-yun's happy sho'?

Then the men responding:

Ya-a-a, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Ya-a-a, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Ya-a-a, my sistern, we will meet yo',
Where partin is no mo'.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujer! Glory, glory, hallelujer!
Glory, glory, hallelujer! On Ca-ni-yun's happy sho'.

The war song is as follows:

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, halle-hallelujah! Glory, halle-hallelujah!
Glory, halle-hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord (thrice),
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back (thrice),
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way (thrice),
As they go marching on.

We will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree (thrice),
As they go marching on.

Now, three cheers for the Union (thrice),
As we are marching on.

Glory, halle-hallelujah! Glory, halle-hallelujah!
Glory, halle-hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

"THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC."

For loftiness of sentiment "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" will easily take rank with the grandest of our martial songs. Having been sung many times during the war, and under a variety of circumstances, a description of the manner in which it was composed by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will be of interest.

Being in Washington near the end of the year 1861, she witnessed a review of the Union troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac and was deeply impressed by her experience. In the return journey to the city a number of war songs were sung, among others "John Brown's Body," whereupon one of the party suggested that so grand a melody deserved more worthy words, and that she should write them.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

That night, while Mrs. Howe was resting, she thought out line after line and verse after verse of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and with the inspiration yet warm sprang from her bed and committed the patriotic stanzas to paper. They are as follows:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with ye my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free
While God is marching on.

"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM."

A stirring war song that was famous in its day and generation, and which served its purpose at the time, was known by the above title. It was in answer to the proclamation of President Lincoln in 1862, calling for 300,000 volunteers to swell the army, and it doubtless contributed to that result.

At first the stanzas appeared anonymously in the New York Evening Post of July 16, 1862, and the authorship was attributed to William Cullen Bryant and then to Julia Ward Howe. Subsequently it became known that the author was Mr. James Sloane Gibbons, a native of Wilmington, Del., but a resident of New York city. He was an ardent abolitionist, and for a time was one of the editors of The Antislavery Standard. The words are as follows:

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from New England's shore.
We leave our plows and workshops,
Our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance,
With but a silent tear.
We dare not look behind us,
But steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

CHORUS.

We are coming, we are coming,
Our Union to restore;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more;
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops
That meet the northern sky,
Long, moving lines of rising dust
Your vision may descry,
And now the wind an instant
Tears the cloudy veil aside
And floats our spangled flag
In glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam
And bands brave music pour.
We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Although written late in the war, probably no song commemorating the struggle or intended to inspire the troops has a stronger foothold in the hearts of the people than "Marching Through Georgia." In the very melody is an expression of enthusiasm that even after 30 years makes the song dear to the hearts of the old soldiers and sets their feet to keeping time with the music. That the sentiment of the Grand Army of the Republic is in its favor was well illustrated by an old backwoodsman in an Ohio post. He was dressed, so the story goes, in a faded suit of homespun, and his shaggy head was surmounted by a greasy, broad brimmed hat. In his right hand he was carrying a small sized cord wood stick as a cane. But after he had traveled a couple of miles it was plain that the strain was beginning to tell on the old fellow.

He was traveling at a go-as-you-please rate, when his commander, anxious to make a good appearance with his post on dress parade, stepped up to him and said, "Say, Tom, keep step; you are throwing out the whole line."

"Cap, how kin a feller keep step to that music?" he replied, pointing to the band leading the line with one of the popular airs of the day. "Why don't they play something like this?" and he hummed, in a voice husky and scratchy and out of tune, a strain from "Marching Through Georgia."

HENRY C. WORK.

The captain laughed and turned away, held a moment's conversation with the leader of the band, and the introductory notes of the next piece caused the old fellow to straighten up. His cudgel waved about like the baton of a drum major, and a little later a thousand feet were coming down as one, the fatigue of the march was forgotten, and a thousand voices were joined in the rousing chorus. The words of the famous song were written by Henry C. Work. He was born in Middletown, Conn., in 1883 and died in Hartford June 8, 1884:

Bring the good old bugle, boys,
We'll sing another song—
Sing it with a spirit
That will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it,
Fifty thousand strong—
While we're marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we sing the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free!
So we sang the chorus, from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted
When they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled
Which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even
Started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia!

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys
Will never reach the coast!"
So the saucy rebels said,
And 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas,
To reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare
For freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,
Three hundred to the main.
Treason fled before us,
For resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

A favorite among the boys in the army as well as in the social circles at home is known far and near by the above title. The song was written by the late Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, famous as the leader of the band which bears his name. It has also been ascribed to Mr. Louis Lambert. Whatever may be the merit of the words, however, the song owes its popularity to the rollicking tune which has long been known as "Johnny, Fill Up the Bowl:"

When Johnnie comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies gay,
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnnie comes marching home.

SONGS OF AFFECTION.

Brief reference has been made to "Annie Laurie" as a sentimental song that became popular in the English army during the Crimean war. So, during our own struggle, pathetic words were allied to touching music and sung around the campfires and domestic firesides. One of these, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," is still remembered by the old soldiers both of the north and south, and may yet be heard in many a home circle. It was composed by Walter Kittredge, who was born in Merriman, N. H., Oct. 9, 1832, and known as a public singer and writer of songs and ballads. Having been drafted in 1862, he was preparing to go to the front when the words and music occurred to him, and in a few minutes he transcribed them to paper. At first the song was refused by music publishers, but it is said that when published its sale reached hundreds of thousands of copies:

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground.
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts—a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand
And the tear that said "goodby."

We are tired of war on the old camp ground.
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground.
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying;
Many are in tears.

Among the authors of the time was the late Charles C. Sawyer of Brooklyn, to whom we are indebted for the following, which quickly found its way across the lines and became popular in the south. It was written in the autumn of 1861, and more than 1,000,000 copies have been sold:

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain!
Yet praying, when this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again!

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath.
All round to me seems darkness.
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah, how well I know your answer!
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear—
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me—how
Can I leave her in anguish?
Who will care for mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky.
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow.
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for mother now?

Other touching songs of affection that belong to this group are "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," "Brother's Fainting at the Door" and "The Vacant Chair." The latter, by Henry S. Washburn, is still a favorite throughout the country:

THE VACANT CHAIR.

We shall meet, but we shall miss him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer.
When a year ago, we gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue eye,
But a golden chord is severed,
And our hopes in ruins lie.

CHORUS.—We shall meet, etc.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble soldier fell—
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight
And uphold our country's honor
In the strength of manhood's might.

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow,
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.
Sleep today, O early fallen,
In thy green and narrow bed!
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

Among the songs commemorative of the death of Colonel Ephraim E. Ellsworth was the following:

DEATH OF ELLSWORTH.

Down where the patriot army,
Near Potomac's side,
Guards the glorious cause of freedom,
Gallant Ellsworth died.
Brave was the noble chieftain,
Who at his country's call
Hastened to the field of battle
And was the first to fall.

CHORUS.

Strike, freemen, for the Union;
Sheathe your swords no more
While remains in arms a traitor
On Columbia's shore.

First to fall, thou youthful martyr,
Hapless was thy fate;
Hasten we as thy avengers
From thy native state.
Side by side on from town to city,
Not for wealth or fame,
But because we loved the Union
And our Ellsworth's name.

HUMOR IN SONG.

Humor had its place among the war songs as well as sentiment and martial spirit. Henry C. Work, the author of "Marching Through Georgia," wrote:

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Our Jimmy has gone to live in a tent;
They have grafted him into the army.
He finally puckered up courage and went
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young. Alas,
At the captain's forequarters they said he would pass—
They'd train him up well in the infantry class—
So they grafted him into the army.

CHORUS.

Oh, Jimmy, farewell! Your brothers fell
Way down in Alabama;
I thought they would spare a lone widder's heir,
But they grafted him into the army.

Dressed up in his unicorn, dear little chap!
They have grafted him into the army.
It seems but a day since he sat on my lap,
But they have grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear—
Them very same buttons—the patch and the tear—
But Uncle Sam gave him a brand new pair
When they grafted him into the army.

Rhymesters in the army were not only numerous, but never without a theme. Sometimes it concerned a company, at others a regiment or brigade. For instance, a certain Chicago company, having distinguished itself at Shiloh, adopted a song the refrain of which, sung to the rollicking air, "The Leg of a Duck," announced to their comrades that

Company K has shown the way,
Bully for you! Bully for you!
Your turn's coming some other day,
Bully for you! Bully for you!

Every popular tune in vogue was appropriated that suited the passing whim of the merry soldiers. "Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" "Vive l'Amour," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," "Such a Climbing Up Stairs," "Philadelphia Gals, Won't You Come Out Tonight?" "Shoo Fly," "Old Uncle Ned" and a score of others are members of this family. Here is one of the favorites sung to the tune of "The Low Back Car," by Miles O'Reilly:

SAMBO AS A SOLDIER.

Some tell us it is a burning shame
To make the naygurs fight,
And that the trade of being kilt
Belongs to but the white.
But as for me, upon my sowl,
So liberal are we here
I'll let Sambo be murthered in place of myself
On every day in the year.

CHORUS.

On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'll divide with him,
And divil a word I'll say.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight,
And it's better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake and white.
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His fingers a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs straight on the barrel sights
From under his thatch of wool.

CHORUS.

So hear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tipping you chaff,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half.

"The Year of Jubilee" was an especial favorite and many a time has beguiled the boys on their march:

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

Say, darkies, hab you seen de masse,
Wid de muffstash in his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin
Like he's gwine to leave de place?
He seen de smoke way up de ribber,
Where de Lincum gunboats lay;
So took his hat, an he lef' berry sudden,
An I specs he's runned away.

CHORUS.

De massa run, ha, ha!
De darky stay, ho, ho!
It must be now de kingdom comin
An de y'ar ob jubilo.

He's six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An he weighs t'ree hundred poun;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An it won't reach half way roun.
He drills so much dey calls him cap'n,
An he gits so mighty tanned,
I specs he'll try to fool dem Yankees
For to t'ink he's contraband.

De darkies got so lonesome libbin
In de log hut on de lawn
Dey moved dere t'ings in de massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an elder in de kitchen,
An de darkies dey hab some.
I specs it will all be 'fiscated
When de Lincum sojers come.

De overseer, he make us trouble,
An he dribes us roun a spell,
We lock him up in the smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key flung in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broke,
But de massa hab his pay.
He's big an ole enough for to know better
Dan to went an run away.

OLD SHADY.

Oh, yah, yah, darkies, laugh wid me,
Fur de white folks say Ole Shady's free,
So don't you see dat de jubilee
Is a-coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

CHORUS.

Den away, away, fur I can't wait any longer,
Hooray, hooray, I'm going home!

Oh, mass' got scared and so did his lady,
Dis chile breaks fur Ole Uncle Aby;
"Open de gates, out here's Ole Shady
A-coming, coming"—Hail mighty day!

Goodby, Mass' Jeff, goodby Mis'r Stephens,
'Scuse dis niggah fur takin his leavins,
'Spect purty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
Coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

Goodby, hard work, wid never any pay,
I'se a-gwine up north where de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread and a dollar a day
Are coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

Oh, I've got a wife and I've got a baby,
Livin up yonder in Lower Canady,
Won't dey laugh when dey see Ole Shady
A-coming, coming—Hail mighty day!

SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

With the advent of war, poetry and song began in one shape or another to find their themes throughout the south—the woman at her hearthstone and the soldier in the field; to represent all aspects of popular feeling—the enthusiasm of victory, the despondency of defeat, the pride that exulted in the hero and the grief that mourned his loss.

Three distinctive songs, however, quickly became sectional and were adopted as expressive of the popular feeling—"Dixie," "My Maryland" and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The history of each is interesting, especially that of the first, which appears to have taken a place with "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." Its author is Dan Emmett, who still lives at the ripe old age of 79. Recently, being asked to relate the circumstances of its composition, he said: "In the spring of 1859 I was in the employ of the Bryant minstrels in New York, at 472 Broadway, and my particular business was to invent 'walk arounds.' One Saturday night Jerry Bryant came to me and asked if I couldn't write a 'hurrah'—something to make a noise with and get the people stirred up. I told him I thought I could. Sunday being a rainy day, I remained at home and composed what I then named 'I Wish I Was In Dixie's Land.' Nobody ever knew how it came to be called 'Dixie.' Well, Jerry was so delighted with it that he made us rehearse all day Monday for the evening's performance. The song was a 'go' right from the start. Bands played it. Musical people in Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans 'cribbed' it, and lawsuits followed until Firth & Pond published it under my own name and so settled the dispute as to authorship." It was first sung in New Orleans in 1860, the original words, from which all other versions sprang, being as follows:

I wish I was in the land ob cotton;
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
In Dixie land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray, hooray!
In Dixie land I'll took my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down south in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old missus marry "Will de weaber,"
William was a gay deceaber;
Look away, etc.
But when he put his arms around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greatly greab 'er;
Look away, etc.
Old missus acted the foolish part,
And died for the man who broke her heart;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Now, here's health to the next old missus,
And all the gals that want to kiss us;
Look away, etc.
But if you want to drive away sorrow,
Come and hear dis nig tomorrow;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away, etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble;
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble;
Look away, etc.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

When the war broke out, other lines were written to fit the measure, and the stirring melody at once became the chief war song of the south. It is said that President Lincoln requested a band to play "Dixie" in 1865, a short time after the surrender of Appomattox, remarking that "as we had captured the rebel army we had captured also the rebel tune."

Of "My Maryland," which James Russell Lowell pronounced the finest poem inspired by the civil war, the following story is told: It was in April, 1861, that James R. Randall, a native Marylander, then in Louisiana, published "An Exiled Son's Appeal" to his mother state to cast her fortunes with the seceding commonwealths of the south. Political feeling in Maryland at the time was intense. The residence of Colonel William Miles Cary was one of the many centers of Confederate feeling among the patrician element of the population, the greater portion of which was ardently in sympathy with the secession movement. It was here, one evening in June, 1861, during the meeting of a musical club, that Miss Hettie Cary, one of the daughters, suggested that the words of "My Maryland" should be adapted to some music. In order to make the suggestion more impressive she recited the poem. In a moment Miss Jenny Cary, her sister, exclaimed as if inspired, "Lauriger Horatius!" the well known college song that has resounded from the musical throat of almost every college boy. Thus the words found voice in the great hymn that has since been heard around the world.

A few months later a memorable scene occurred at Manassas. While visiting friends in the army the two sisters were serenaded by the now celebrated Washington artillery of New Orleans. When the band ceased playing, one of the officers exclaimed, "Let's hear a woman's voice." Miss Jenny Cary standing, in the tent door, thereupon sang "My Maryland." The refrain was speedily taken up by hundreds of the southern soldiers, and from that moment the verses lived and grew into a power. It was the birth of the song in the army. As the words may not now be generally remembered, they are repeated here:

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother state! To thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But, lo, there surges forth a shriek!
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The old line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead nor deaf nor dumb—
Huzza, she spurns the northern scum!
She breathes, she burns! She'll come, she'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

Next to "Dixie" in its power of arousing enthusiasm and as a marching song is "The Bonnie Blue Flag." It is a singular coincidence that, like "Dixie," it was written and first produced on the stage, and both were presented to the southern people in New Orleans. The composer was an Irish comedian, the late Harry Macarthy. A single verse will convey an idea both of its spirit and swinging movement:

We are a band of brothers and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty with treasure, blood and toil,
And when our rights were threatened the cry rose near and far—
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Many minor songs were written in various parts of the south during the war, but all were adapted to familiar melodies, the old time negro airs being most popular, but they are only memorable as indicating the spirit and temper of those stormy times.

ST. HELENA TO PARIS

THE REMOVAL OF NAPOLEON'S BODY TO ITS LAST RESTING PLACE.

Wonderful Preservation Through Nineteen Years' Interment—Spectators Moved to Tears—Impressive Ceremonies at the Church of the Invalides.

The grave in the valley of Napoleon, on St. Helena, as the place had come to be called, was surrounded by an iron railing set in a heavy stone curb. Over the grave was a covering of 6 inch stone which admitted to a vault 14 feet deep, 8 feet long and 4 feet 8 inches broad and was apparently filled with earth, but digging down some seven feet a layer of Roman cement was found. This broken laid bare a layer of rough hewn stone 10 inches thick and fastened together by iron clamps. It took 4½ hours to remove this layer. The stone up, the slab forming the lid of the interior sarcophagus was exposed, inclosed in a border of Roman cement strongly attached to the walls of the vault. So stoutly had all these various coverings been sealed with cement and bound by iron bands that it took the large party of workers ten hours to reach the coffin.

"The outermost coffin was slightly injured," says an eyewitness. "Then came one of lead, which was in good condition and inclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined inside with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding sheet and had become slightly attached to it.

"It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that was left of the Emperor Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The emperor himself was before their eyes. The features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognized; the hands extremely beautiful; his well known costume had suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of satin lining which covered, as with fine gauze, several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon lying on his bed of state."

* * * * * * *

The climax of the pageant in Paris was the temple of the Invalides. The spacious church was draped in the most magnificent and lavish fashion and adorned with a perfect bewilderment of imperial emblems. The light was shut out by hangings of violet velvet; tripods blazing with colored flames, and thousands upon thousands of waxen candles in brilliant candelabra lighted the temple. Under the dome, in the place of the altar, stood the catafalque which was to receive the coffin.

It was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the archbishop of Paris, preceded by a splendid cross bearer, and followed by 16 incense boys and long rows of white clad priests, left the church to meet the procession. They returned soon. Following them was the Prince de Joinville and a select few from the grand cortege without. In their midst Napoleon's coffin.

The king descended from his throne and advanced to meet the cortege. "Sire," said the Prince de Joinville, "I present to you the body of Napoleon, which, in accordance with your command, I have brought back to France."

"I receive it in the name of France," replied Louis Philippe.

Such at least is what the "Moniteur" affirms was said. The Prince de Joinville gives a different version: "It appears that a little speech which I was to have delivered when I met my father, and also the answer he was to give me, had been drawn up in council, only the authorities had omitted to inform me concerning it. So when I arrived I simply saluted with my sword, and then stood aside. I saw indeed that this silent salute, followed by retreat, had thrown something out, but my father, after a moment's hesitation, improvised some appropriate sentence, and the matter was afterward arranged in the 'Moniteur.'"

Beside the king stood an officer, bearing a cushion. On it lay the sword of Austerlitz. Marshal Soult handed it to the king, who, turning to Bertrand, said:

"General, I commission you to place the emperor's glorious sword on the bier."

And Bertrand, trembling with emotion, laid the sword reverently on his idol's coffin. The great audience watched the scene in deepest silence. The only sound which broke the stillness was the half stifled sobs of the gray haired soldiers of the Invalides, who stood in places of honor near the catafalque.

The king and the procession returned to their palaces, and then followed a majestic funeral mass.—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

The Chief End of Man.

Mr. Cuyler tells the story of a little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, who was asked the question in the catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and answered it:

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever."

"There are too many men," says Dr. Cuyler, "who act as if that were their chief end."—Ram's Horn.

England was so called because the dominant tribe of Saxons who conquered it were called the "Angles," or "Engles."

In 1302 a sheep sold in France for $1, a pig for $2.

A HOROLOGICAL WONDER.

The Complicated Time Keeping Oddity Invented by a Russian Pole.

The prize wonder in the shape of a clock is the invention of a Russian Pole named Goldfadon. The inventor is a clockmaker of Warsaw and boasts that he worked over 2,000 days on this time keeping oddity. The clock represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices and a very pretty and natural platform, well lighted and having in its center a flower garden and a spouting fountain. There are also signal boxes, lights, switches, water tanks—in fact, everything used in conjunction with a well regulated railway station. There is a dial in the center tower, which shows time at New York, Peking, Warsaw and London. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First all of the little figures of telegraph operators begin to work their machines, the head automaton going through the form of sending a dispatch to the effect that "the line is clear." Then the door opens, and upon the platform appear the station master and his assistants. Next a long line of little figures file up to the miniature ticket office.

After this the porters appear, carrying luggage, the bell rings, and instantly a miniature train dashes out of a tunnel and halts before the platform of the station house. While the train is waiting a miniature figure tests the wheels and axles with a tiny hammer, another pumps water into the tank of the engine, while a third busies himself stowing away small lumps of coal in the silver plated tender. There is one signal of the bell, whereupon the door of the single coach opens, and the little figures slide in on an almost invisible wire, the opening closing after them. A second tap of the bell is the signal for the wheel tester, waterman and fuel carrier to retire into the station house.

After the third signal the whistle gives two toots, and the train quickly disappears in a tunnel opposite to the one from which it emerged five minutes before. When the train is out of sight, the station master and his assistants leave the platform, the doors close behind them, and they all retire to the other side of the station house, where, at the expiration of 15 minutes, the train again appears, and the passengers file out and seat themselves in the building preparatory to taking another trip around the station house.—St. Louis Republic.

LOPSIDED HENS.

How a Cape Elizabeth Man Produced a Breed of Nonsensitchers.

Speaking of hens reminds me of a worthy townsman of ours, J. Fairfield Tuttle, who had a small patch of strawberries so situated that only a fence, and a poor one at that, divided them from a neighbor's henyard, and these same hens bothered our friend very much by getting through the fence and scratching up the strawberry plants.

Our friend tried many ways to rid himself of them, but failed until one day he saw his neighbor in the act of setting another hen.

Now, it's necessary for you to know that the hens above mentioned were of what is known as the Shanghai breed and had very long legs. It occurred to our friend Tuttle that he saw a way out of the difficulty. So procuring half a dozen bantam (short legs) eggs he stole over during the night, took out six of the eggs that were under the hen and replaced them with the six bantam.

What was the result? When the chicks were hatched, each one had one short and one long leg, and when they would stand on the short leg and try to scratch with the long one they would only succeed in throwing themselves over. When they would stand on the long leg, the short one would not reach the ground by several inches, and so in the matter of scratching they were not in it, so to speak.—Cape Elizabeth Sentinel.

Names of the Centiped.

"The word centiped in the mouth of the old sailor, as of the negro, becomes 'santipede' or 'santifee,' but I think Joe Galbraith, a Hibernian ranchman of New Mexico, should be credited with giving it the most remarkable twist from its dictionary pronunciation," said the topographer in a surveying party. "Joe camped alongside us one night on our way to Camp Grant. As two of our men in the morning were shaking a blanket which had been spread next the ground a centiped six inches long ran out from the under side of the blanket up the sleeve and face of one of the two men. The man's whiskers saved his face from the needlelike feet, and he brushed the reptile off to the ground without sustaining injury. The centiped was killed, and the party gathered round to look at it, among them Joe, eager to air his knowledge.

"'Don't you know what that is?' he said wisely. 'It's a Santa Fe. They say they're pizzner'n hell.'"—New York Sun.

Tides and Storms.

When a tempest is approaching or passing out on the ocean, the tides are noticeably higher than usual, as if the water had been driven in a vast wave before the storm. The influence extends to a great distance from the cyclonic storm center, so that the possibility exists of foretelling the approach of a dangerous hurricane by means of indications furnished by tide gauges situated far away from the place then occupied by the whirling winds.

The fact that the tidal wave outstrips the advancing storm shows how extremely sensitive the surface of the sea is to the changes of pressure brought to bear upon it by the never resting atmosphere. —Youth's Companion.

The Engagement Broken.

A Frankford bard wrote a poem to his inamorata which was published in a suburban paper. He said her mouth was like a cowslip. The printer spared it and it read "cow's lip." Unhappy bard!—Philadelphia Record.

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Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T A Feckel, V-P; Michael Tuoby, Rec Sec, 1612 Jackson st; Wm Terrill, Fin Sec; J O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2940 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canalport av and Union st.

Div 5—P Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V-P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O'Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; H H Ryan, Rec Sec, 3073 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley's hall, 712 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; Patk Behan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2702 Michory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 466 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T P Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J H Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P J Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Shaughan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John P Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Ancient hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 15—J E Long, Pres, 2301 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2301 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2268 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Hagge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 16—James Thomas, Pres, 4625 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 830 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2201 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 251a plaine and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1153 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dreyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 349 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Went worth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Man; P O Box 1229, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Keelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; F C Harnatti, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 2d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 32—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 5439 Thirty-seventh st; M J Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 5026 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 33—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 3457 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 3839 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dunphy, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Roey, Fin Sec; C Mulvaney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 633 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, ——. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Lake Cassidy, 261 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1038 Lake st.

St Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2561 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 259 27th st; F S, R J Jansen; Treas, Math Volz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 6720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 6020 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Kiely, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos M Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Hon Geo Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 33 W 13th st; R S, Julius Euler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 421 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Eniebrecht, 1027 s Leavitt st; F S, J F Halbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 230 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 973 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, J F Monoghan, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauier, 626 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conery; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2803 Beckie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Wallace ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cleora court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Buhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Bethesda av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2030 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2233 Archer av; F S, F Delisle; T, Joseph Boufard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Brigid's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2301 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 2040 Ashland av; F S, John J Keane; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 108 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 259 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesday in S

McMullen No 44—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 423 Oak st; R S, A P Deane, 332 E Division st; F S, W J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

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No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size, and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH. OPEN FACE. MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75. OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 2.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED. MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case...$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50. OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH. LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10. OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very st

H.R.EAGLE

California Prunes, per lb	2 cents
California Dried Grapes, per lb	1½ cents
Enoch Morgan Sapolio, per cake	4½ cents
Oyster Crackers, per lb	2 cents
Ginger Snaps, per lb	4 cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
Spanish Queen Olives, per gallon	39 cents
Babbitt's Potash and Lye, per can	7 cents
Potted and Deviled Ham, per can	4 cents
Prize Story Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cents
1-lb cans Royal Baking Powder	25 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	4½ cents
3-lb cans Golden Pumpkin, per can	4 cents
2-lb cans Lima Beans, per can	4 cents
Gallon cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	13½ cents
Ceylon Tea, per lb	25 cents
English Currants, per lb	1½ cents
California Dried Peaches, per lb	1½ cents
Whole Sifted Black Pepper, per lb	5 cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
10 lbs Sal. Soda	9 cents
2-lb cans Gooseberries, per can	5 cents
American Olive Oil, half pints 4 cents; pints	7 cents
1-lb cans Spa Baking Powder	5 cents
3-lb cans California Apricots 3-lb cans California Green Gages 3-lb cans California Egg Plums 3-lb cans Delaware Table Peaches	Per can, 9 cents
Extra Toilet Paper, per roll	1½ cents
New Apple Cider, per gallon	8 cents
Cocoa Shells, per lb	1 cent
Bulk Italian Macaroni, per lb	1½ cents
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
Babbitt's 1776 or Pearline, per pkg	3 cents

Attend the Opening Sale in Our New Shoe Department This Week.

We will sell Ladies' $2.50 Vici Kid and Dongola Button and Lace Shoes, all sizes and styles, plain or cloth tops, at ..... **$1.12 per pair**

We will sell a lot of Ladies' Fine Sample Shoes, in Button and Lace, sizes 2 to 3½, worth $2.50 to $4.00, at... **$1.12 per pair**

We will sell a lot of Sample Oxfords, 2 to 3½, A, B and C widths, worth $1.25 and upward, at ..... **59c per pair**

We will sell Men's $2.00 Satin Calf Shoes, Lace and Congress, wide or narrow toe, all sizes, at ..... **88c per pair**

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14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—white—each ..... 59 cents
14-foot Braided Edge Mexican Hammocks—colored—each ..... 69 cents

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Seidlitz Powders, in tin boxes, 12 doses, full weight	14 cts
Beef, Wine and Iron, guaranteed a pure medicinal preparation, $1.00 size	36 cts
Witch Hazel, full strength, 16-oz bottle	20 cts
Pure Powdered Borax, per lb	12 cts
Persian Insect Powder, per lb	27 cts
Moth Powder, per lb	30 cts
Lydia Pinkham's Compound	67 cts
Greene's Nervura	77 cts
Swift's Specific, S. S. S., $1 size	65 cts
Peptonic Stomach Bitters, for dyspepsia, $1.00 size at	60 cts
Fig Laxative, 50c size at	18 cts
Williams' Pink Pills	36 cts
Sarsaparilla, $1.00 size at	49 cts
Compound Celery, $1.00 size at	50 cts
Tr. Arnica, 4-oz. bottle	10 cts
Bromo Caffeine, 10-cent size at	7 cts
100 2-grain Quinine Pills	19 cts
Belladonna and Capsicum Plasters, regular price 25 cts, at	10 cts
Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, $1.00 size at	50 cts
Pure Bay Rum, 8-oz	25 cts
Florida Water, 8-oz., regular 50c size, at	35 cts
Swan's Down Face Powder	3 cts
Tooth Brushes, regular price 25 cents, at	14 cts
Woodbury's Facial Soap, per cake	21 cts
Cocoanut Oil Soap, per dozen	19 cts

Cigars and Tobaccos.

St. Joco, 25 in box	25 cts
Key West Havana, 25 in box	39 cts
Our Pet, 50 in box	45 cts
Henry Clay, 50 in box	49 cts
Key West, Havana, 50 in box	55 cts
Lyolinda, 50 in box	65 cts
Key West, 50 in box	75 cts
Cuban Perfectos, long filler, 50 in box	85 cts
Hand-Made Long Havana filler, 50 in box	$1.00
Pas Favorite, long Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper, 50 in box	$1.50
Our Eagle, long Havana filler, Florida wrapper, 50 in box	$1.60
Manuel Garcia, long filler, 50 in box	$1.65
Tansill's Punch Cigar, 3c each; 100 in box, per box	2.70
Jolly Jack, 20-oz. plug, per plug	20 cts
Kylo, 20-oz. plug, per plug	24 cts
Climax, 8 oz., per lb	33 cts
A. A. 1 Plug, per lb	20 cts
Sledge Plug, per lb	22 cts
Corner Lot Plug, per lb	14 cts
Mascot Plug, per lb	14 cts
Sweet Clipping, per lb	12½ cts
Sweet Cob, per lb	17 cts
Mt. Rose, per lb	19 cts
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Briggs, 7 octaves, ebony finish, of reliable grade and in excellent condition, $135.

Schaaf, full cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, ebony finish, $140.

Bauer, 7⅓ octaves, new scale, sound, and serviceable instrument. Price $145.

Haines Bros. full cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, rosewood case. Finish somewhat checked, but piano excels in quality of tone. Price $155.

Sterling, 7⅓ octaves, very fine condition in mechanism. Price $160.

Vose, full cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, rosewood case, excellent condition throughout; $165.

Fischer, small cottage upright, 7 octaves, only slightly used; price $170.

Ludwig & Co., 7⅓ octaves, three pedals, a nearly new piano; $175.

Steinway, large upright cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, rosewood case, three pedals, special style, made to order; $370.

Knabe cabinet grand, 4 ft. 9 in. high, 7⅓ octaves, French walnut, would pass for new; $400.

Steinway, cabinet grand, latest style, 7⅓ octaves, ebony finish, with engraved panels, three pedals; $450.

Knabe, cabinet grand, fancy burled birch case, practically new; $475.

Reed & Son's full cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, patent transposition keyboard, a superior toned piano; $180.

Haines Bros., cabinet grand upright, double veneered rosewood case, solid engraved panels, excellent condition in all respects; $185.

Baus & Co., large size upright, San Domingan mahogany case; special price, $190.

Connor, cabinet upright, 7⅓ octaves, quartered oak case, three pedals, a very slightly used piano; $200.

Fischer, 7⅓ octaves, burled walnut case, has been rented only for a short time; $205.

Baumeister, large upright cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, dark mahogany case, three pedals; reduced price $210.

Hallet & Davis, upright cabinet grand, largest size, 7⅓ octaves, rosewood finish, with heavy carved panels and Boston folding full-board; special price, $225.

Fischer upright cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, in San Domingo mahogany case. This piano classes as slightly used and excels in volume and quality of tone. Price $235.

Hazelton upright, 7⅓ octaves. A very slightly used piano; $250.

Fischer special World's Fair style in Hungarian ash. Very superior in volume and quality of tone. Special price, $265.

Hallet & Davis cabinet upright in fancy burled birch case, three pedals, practically new. $275.

Hazelton cabinet grand, practically new. $290.

Knabe cabinet grand, 7⅓ octaves, dark mahogany case, $325.

Steinway cabinet upright, 4 ft. 2 in. high, 7 octaves, three pedals, a special style made to order and practically good as new, $350.

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